Vol. CXXXII. No. 1714.

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THE BYSTANDER, OCTOBER 21, 1936.

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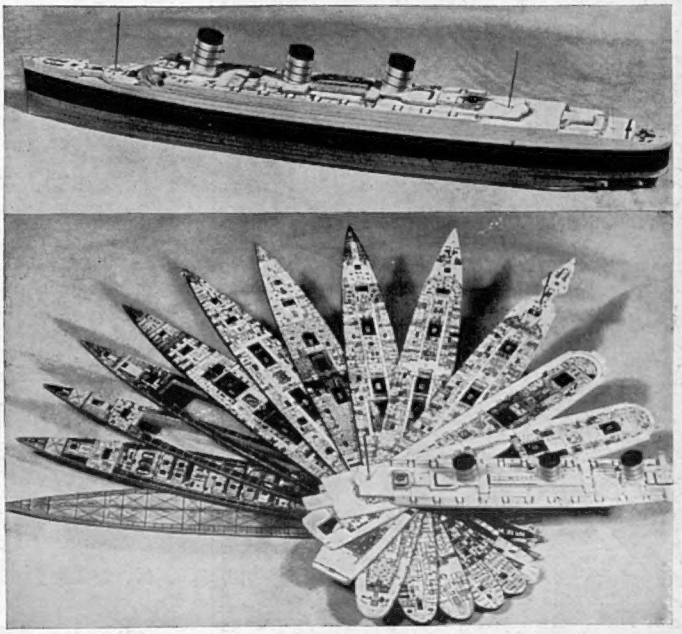

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No. 1714. Vol. CXXXII

The Bystander

Peter North

Lady Mary Pakenham

Lady Mary Pakenham is the second of the Earl of Longford's four sisters. This portrait of her is one of the photographs selected by Peter North for his 1936 Exhibition which he has called "In Search of Beauty"; it opens next Tuesday at his Old Burlington Street studio

Two more guests to drink to H. G. Wells's seventy years were Princess Bibesco and Mr. E. V. Lucas. The menu was decorated with a drawing of Mr. Wells leaping-frog a milestone inscribed with the figure 70

"I Hate the Thought of Leaving"

Not the title of a Hill Billy sung by three prairie crooners, but part of Mr. H. G. Wells's seventieth birthday speech, at the Savoy dinner given in his honour by the P.E.N. Club; he complained that life was far too short. Mr. Julian Huxley and Mr. J. B. Priestley (centre and right) are the other two. The birthday itself was on September 21st

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Alec Waugh were surprised by the camera at the Wells birthday dinner. Alec Waugh's newest novel is to be published at the end of this month—it's a slice out of a fictitious woman's life who gives the book its title, "Jill Somerset"

All Famous

Celebrities in Their Best Clothes

Infinite Variety

Dressed to outdo the Egyptian queen at the New Theatre first-night of the Komisarjevsky production of "Antony and Cleopatra" were Mrs. Gerald ("Zeitgeist") Brockhurst and Miss Lahnemann. Mr. Gerald Brockhurst held their tickets ready

Mrs. Raymond Massey and Miss Helen Jerome

Right: Mrs. Raymond Massey (Adrianne Allen) was photographed with Miss Helen Jerome at the first-night success of "Jane Eyre" at the Queen's—a success shared by Miss Jerome, who adapted the Brontë book. Her third play, "Limelight," comes to town from Birmingham soon; her first, "Pride and Prejudice," is running at the St. James's

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

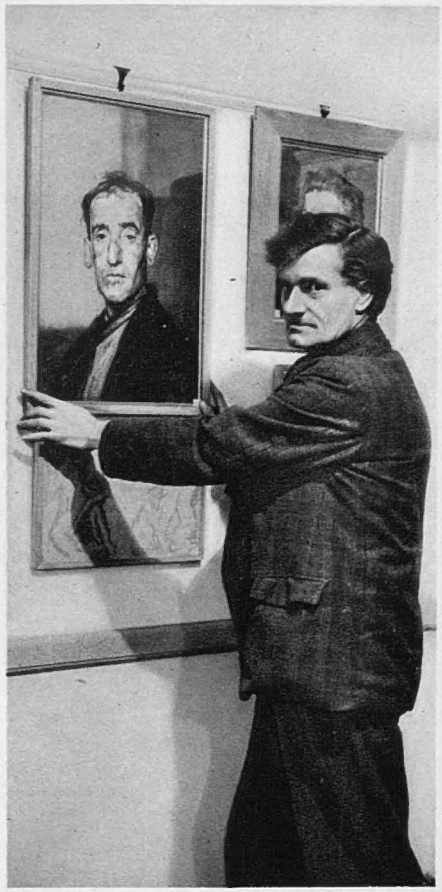
By A. G. Macdonell

THE Russian demand for a British, or French, or both, naval control of Portuguese ports is extraordinarily ingenious. On the face of it, it sounds most plausible. All the European nations have agreed not to supply arms to Spain; all the European nations know perfectly well that arms are being supplied to Spain through Portugal. Very well, says the demoniacally clever M. Litvinoff, stop them. It is all so simple on paper. In practice, it would probably lead to another World War in a couple of days. Imagine a French submarine sinking an Italian aeroplane-carrier! Imagine a British cruiser capturing a ship full of Nazi aviators!

THE Franco-German storm seems to have subsided as quickly as it blew-up. The rights and wrongs of it have not yet been completely elucidated, but it is certain that if a caricature of Herr Hitler was displayed at M. Thorez's meeting in Alsace, then M. Thorez was in the wrong. It is a recognised convention that Heads of States should not be ridiculed in public places. But it is equally certain that if the German complaint is that M. Thorez quoted extracts from Herr Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, then the Germans are in the wrong. After all, the Führer wrote the book and he still stands by what he wrote.

The really significant point about the whole episode is that it is the first time since 1918 that Germany has felt strong enough to address an angry protest to France.

THE battleship-bomber controversy has been settled, temporarily at any rate, in a way that must be satisfactory to all parties. The verdict has gone in favour of both of them. We are to have lots of nice battleships and lots of nice bombers. This is one of the controversies that is invariably heralded with the words: "this is no place for a layman's opinion, BUT . . ."; and then the laymen get going. The only comment that the land-lubber can make, I think, is to refer to the big ships in the World War. Both sides had crowds of big ships, and both sides were so afraid of losing any of them that they hid them most of the time behind booms and batteries. In other words, if both sides have battleships, both sides might just as well have no battleships. But if one side has them, then the other must have them. So all we are left with is the tragedy that the statesmen of the world should not have devised a method to agree to abolish them altogether.



Mr. Austin Spare—Archsurrealist?

Austin Spare's successful studio exhibition at 56a, Walworth Road, introduced him to fame and re-introduced him to prosperity, as he early forsook (according to one authority) "ease for the easel." He is forty-eight, and claims to have been the first surrealist

SIR GODFREY COLLINS was not a sensational politician, but he was a first-class administrator, and he was very popular in Scotland. I rather fancy he was the first publisher to become a Cabinet Minister. Perhaps that was the secret of his success. A man who can handle a refractory novelist can handle anyone. As I write, his successor has not been appointed. If Mr. Walter Elliott gives up Agriculture and takes over Scotland, there will be some lively times north of the Tweed. Mr. Elliott is a distinctly sensational politician. But the Lib.-Nats. are certain to fight like tigers for the post because Sir Godfrey was one of them. If Scotland goes to a Tory, the solution would be to promote Mr. Hore-Belisha to the Cabinet to preserve the balance.

THE M.C.C. team has landed in Australia, and it will not be long before our breakfast-tables are agonised by the news of missed chances and glorified by reports of, I trust, mammoth English scores. Whatever the rest of Australia may be feeling about the Ashes, there is no shadow of dubiety about Master Bradman's frame of mind. Collecting ten assistants to field, bowl, and bat at the other end, he took on Australia's best team last week, made 212 himself, and won the match easily. With three thousand miles—or is it six?—between him and the grim figure of Mr. Douglas Jardine, Bradman is once more his own perky, brilliant self. But if that terrible Harlequin cap were to rise slowly above the Equator once again and cast its shadow over the Antipodean Continent—I wonder. I wonder very much.

"A Nice Light Salad for Lunch"

Dr. Howard Hay, who has been described as the "hot-gospeller of health," is over here with Mrs. Hay, adjusting his celebrated diet to the English market. Leading West-End hotels already offer Hay-diet menus, but Dr. Hay says he is tired of being fashionable and wants to help the masses get de-toxinated. The basic principles of his system are the separation of starch from protein, and fewer meals a day

A FAMOUS airman, General L. E. O. Charlton, has written a really terrifying book about air-warfare. He begins with a careful survey of all the German air-raids between 1914 and 1918. He gives statistics of casualties and photographs of the most notable destructions, such as Odhams' and outside the Strand Theatre. Then he turns to an imaginative description of the air-raids in the next war, and it is here that the hair begins to stand on end. It is all so simple and so natural. Three raids, all one day, do the entire trick. One kills

all our air-chiefs by bombing the Air Force Display at Hendon, the second suffocates the vast Saturday afternoon crowds in the tubes by destroying the Lot's Road power-station; the third starves London by setting fire to the docks. *War Over England* is a grim book. I don't think I have ever read a grimmer.

THE echoes of the great battles of the East End are still reverberating, and gradually the target of the acrimony of all parties is becoming more and more the unfortunate Sir John Simon. The poor Home Secretary has got a legal mind, a very legal mind, and he can chew the cud of legalism more thoroughly than any other lawyer alive. But the result of his chewing is very much the same as the result of literal cud-chewing. The cow alone is satisfied. There was once another disturbance in the East End, caused not by hundreds of hooligans, but by a handful of men, certainly not more than six. In comparison it was a trivial affair, but the Home Secretary of those days was not a legalist. He was a man of action, and he went down to the East End himself and settled the matter in a few hours with some soldiers. Another man of action blew away some hooligans in 1795 and brought peace to the streets of Paris.

A FEW weeks ago I, believing like Mr. Ivor Brown's Master Sanguine everything I am told, glibly announced that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Twentieth-Century Fox were going to participate in the share capital of Gaumont-British. It was quite wrong, of course, although at one moment it was very nearly right. The Associated British Picture Corporation, with their Mr. John Maxwell, are now in the forefront of the scene, and all I will commit myself to at the moment is the cautious statement that the air at Crécy was never thicker with arrows than the air of Wardour Street is to-day with counsels' opinions.

THE very last of the Chester-Belloc books has been published—alas!—for Chesterton is dead, and never again will he illustrate with deadly pencil the satires of his life-long friend, Mr. Belloc. *The Hedge and the Horse* is the name of this final blaze from an old and famous torch, and it is full of all the witty and wicked inventiveness of its predecessors. Crook financiers and Society ladies and corrupt politicians and queer newspaper-proprietors throng its pages.

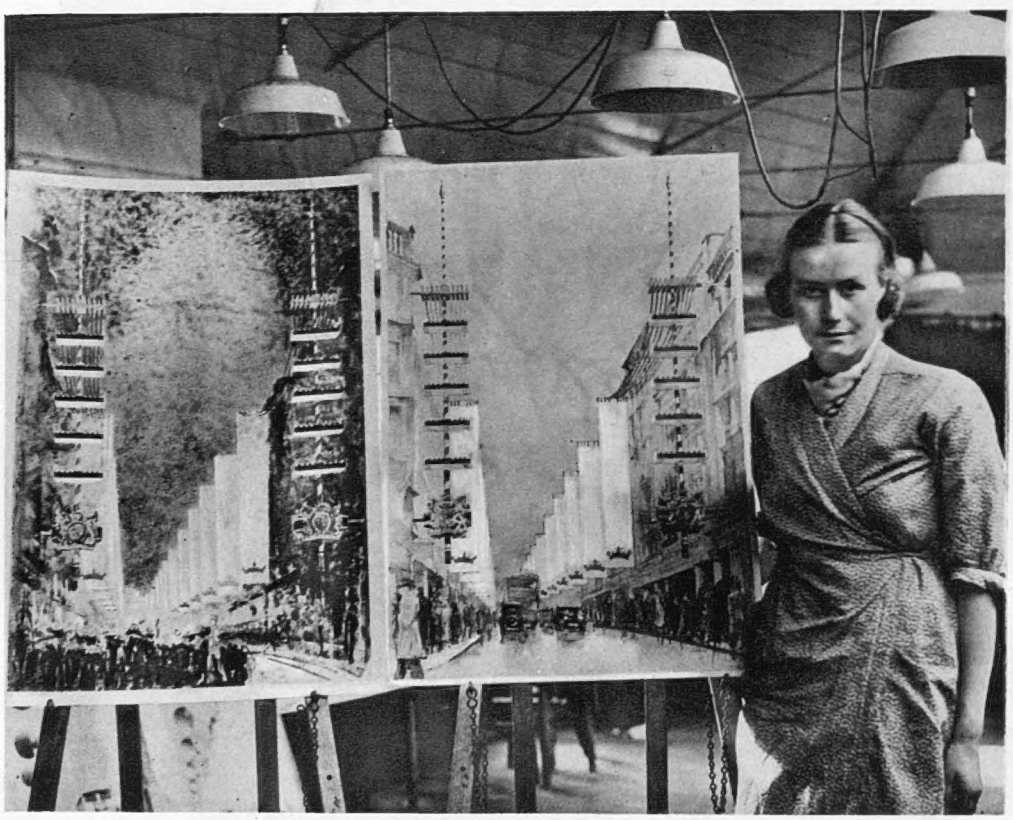
NOTHING could have been more perfectly timed than the opening of the new Dover-Dunkirk ferry-service in the very week that the franc went to a reasonable exchange-value. It was almost too good to be true that both the dismal obstacles to a holiday in France—the ghastly Channel Service and the franc-exchange—should be removed practically simultaneously.

MISS JEAN BATTEN is one of the phenomena of the age. She courts no publicity, advertises nothing, makes no speeches, but simply flies from place to place rather more efficiently than any one else.

THE death of Mr. P. M. Walters recalls the great days of the Corinthians when he and his brother "A. M." were the English full-backs. Amateur Soccer was in its heyday then and for a good many years after. W. N. Cobbold was the great outside-right, and after the Walters came another superb pair of full-backs, W. J. Oakley and L. V. Lodge. After Alex James, the Arsenal wizard, Lodge was the most miraculous controller of a soccer ball that I ever saw, and he must have been years past his best when I, an urchin, first saw him.

IT is very seldom that any single individual causes a real revolution in one of the old-established games. The "railroad" service at court tennis made a difference to that ancient game, and Harry Vardon upset the old Scottish theories about golf for a good many years, and "Tommy" Voyce's winging played havoc with rugger. But the palm must be given to B. J. T. Bosanquet, who died a few days ago at the early age of fifty-nine. The "googly" was a revolution and no mistake. Incidentally, in all the obituary notices of "Bose," as he was invariably called, I did not see a single reference to his latter-day skill at golf. Plumb straight down the middle always, and a magnificent putter, he was a wonderful foursome-partner, and he was very, very difficult to beat round the Pulborough course.

AS I write, the greatest golfer in the world is making one of her very rare appearances in competitive golf. I am told that spectators cannot be bothered to watch Joyce Wethered play because her every shot is perfect, and she wins her matches with such absurd ease. Perhaps by this time she has been beaten, but it hardly seems possible.



Mrs. Richard Acland Decorates Bond Street

The design competition for the coronation décor in Bond Street was won by Mrs. Richard Acland. She was Miss Anne Alford before her marriage last April to the M.P. for Barnstaple, Sir Francis Dyke Acland's eldest son

Feeling Fine at Seventy

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lord President of the Council, celebrated his seventieth birthday last week with a quiet day at his Hampstead home and met the photographer during his usual vigorous constitutional on the Heath

Edna May Oliver as the Nurse, Leslie Howard as Romeo

Norma Shearer (Mrs. Irving Thalberg) as Juliet

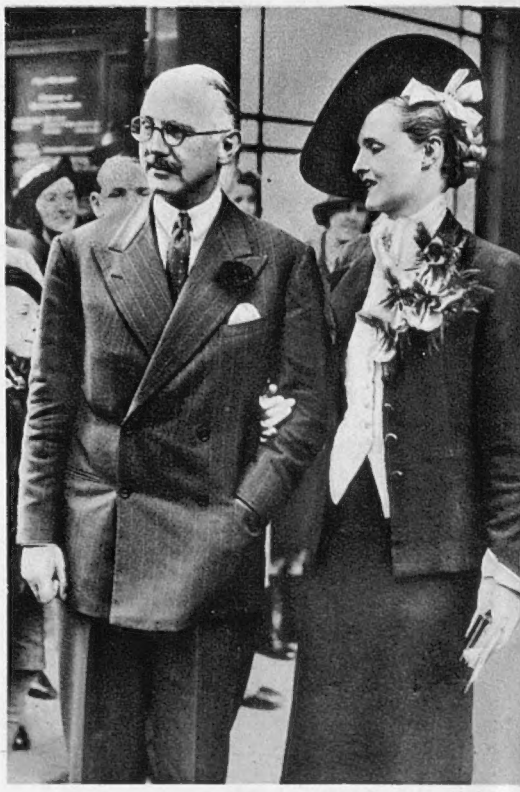
"Romeo and Juliet"

Thalberg's Last Film at His Majesty's

Romeo and Juliet was the last film the late Irving Thalberg made and it is a monument to the great loss suffered by the film art through his death. The camera-man has taken obvious liberties with the scenes in translating to the screen the play Shakespeare wrote for a curtainless stage, but the language comes over truly and naturally, seldom tinged with Americanese. Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer act splendidly at the head of a cast heavy with talent—Edna May Oliver a caustic Nurse, John Barrymore a spirited Mercutio, Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith—and move harmoniously through Oliver Messel's lovely settings. *Romeo and Juliet* had its glittering premiere at His Majesty's theatre (almost next door to *As You Like It*) last week

Mr. John Nelson and Lady Jane FitzRoy

Eustace John Blois Nelson and Lady Jane FitzRoy had a quiet country wedding at Euston Church, Suffolk, ten days ago. He is in the Grenadier Guards, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland H. Nelson, of 3, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1. She is the elder sister of the late Duke of Grafton, and a cousin of the present Duke who gave her away. They are spending their honeymoon on the Riviera



Mr. John Walker and Mrs. Joan Cary

John D. G. Walker, of the Maltings House, Mistley, and the Hon. Mrs. Cary were married at Caxton Hall Register Office. Mrs. Cary was Joan Southey, divorced her first husband, Lord Falkland's eldest son, in 1933, has two daughters by her first marriage

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

An attractive trio of Mayfair well-knowns sailed for New York in the Bremen last week, Lady Phyllis Allen, Miss Virginia Cherrill, and Mrs. Erskine Gwynne. The last-named may stay longer than the other two, who promise to return in a week or two.

Now that Gaiety girls no longer snatch the matrimonial prizes from the peerage, it 's the American girls who land all the big catches.

Quite recently we have had the engagement and the wedding of, respectively, Earl Beatty and Lord Sysonby, and there are two more in the offing of much more than usual interest: one you will hear of at any moment.

A Super Entertainment

Not content with giving their guests an excellent supper and the coloured band from the Shim-Sham to dance to at their party last Wednesday, the Cunningham-Reids threw in a super cinema show and Garland Wilson as a cabaret turn.

From the balcony of the squash court we watched the new Marion Davies-Clark Gable film, *Cain and Mabel*, and short films went on the entire evening until the party broke up around 3 a.m.

Over three hundred invitations were sent out by telegram, and the party was a gigantic success. Both "Mary" and "Bobby" are the kindest and most hospitable hosts in the world, and their entertaining is done with supreme intelligence as well as the greatest generosity.

A Wedding in Wales

The party was given in honour of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and a large contingent of the guests were asked to St. Donats, the Hearst mansion in Wales, for the week-end, where the wedding of his popular secretary, Mr. Harry Crocker, and Miss Elizabeth Jenns, a beautiful English girl who has made a success in Hollywood, was to take place on Saturday last.

Difficult to Choose

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, wearing grey tulle and a lovely sapphire necklace, was looking much stronger and better than she has done for ages; the hostess, in a black dress with strips of her laurel-leaf tiara worn as shoulder-straps; Mrs. Sweeny, in a full-skirted dress of cyclamen tulle; Lady Portarlington, slim and youthful as ever in white lace; Mrs. "Jackie" Barnato in bright scarlet; Lady Patricia Douglas and her mother, Lady Dunn, between whom it would be difficult to choose for good looks and charm, were a few that stood out among the large crowd.

Also Lady Seafield and her husband, just back from Munich; Mrs. de Winton Wills, who landed in Paris in time for the strike after weeks of wandering abroad; and Lady Oranmore and Browne, a radiant little figure in a pale pink and silver dress, who has taken to country life with a vengeance.

Booked for Three Weeks

We don't have to stay up till to-morrow or invade Soho now that Garland Wilson, the coloured pianist, who is the rage of Mayfair at the moment, is appearing at the San Marco.

He made such a success on his opening night that he was immediately booked for three more weeks, and was encored again and again.

Miss Mona Maris, in a soft, pleated white dress, was the prettiest girl in the room that night, and was dancing with Major Keith Trevor. Lord Portal had a party in one of the Venetian alcoves, and Mr. William Teeling, who spends three weeks in Germany to every three days in England, arrived late after a debate at Chatham House. His new book, *Gods for To-morrow*, will be out on the 30th.

Wanted—A Puppy

Claire Luce, who sailed on Wednesday last for a brief visit to New York, wanted a puppy at the last moment for her coloured maid, Cynthia, but as she only conceived the idea at about 1 a.m. on Wednesday morning at the San Marco, not even business wizards like Mr. Henry Horne and Mr. A. G. Blumenthal could produce any sort of puppy at that hour.

If those seedy-looking gentlemen who patrol the West End carrying a couple of

Mr. John Mackenzie and Miss Delia Clark

John Moncrieffe Ord Mackenzie of Dolphintoun and Delia Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Clark, of 44, Berkeley Square, W.1, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Owing to the recent death of the bride's grandfather, there was no reception. They have gone to Italy for their honeymoon

Captain Massey Lopes and Miss Judy Dawson

They had a St. Peters, Eaton Square, wedding and have gone motoring on the Continent for honeymoon. The bridegroom is in the Scots Greys, and is the only son of Sir Henry and Lady Albertha Lopes, of Maristow, Roborough, Devon. The bride is the only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. E. A. F. Dawson, and Mrs. Dawson, of Knossington, Oakham. The guard of honour was a Scots Greys one, and Miss Dawson had four pages and eight small bridesmaids to attend her

sleepy, shivering little animals were to strike a pitch outside the restaurants, they might do a trade with the lonely maids of our friends the stars. It 's an idea.

Newly-Marrieds

THE Yacht Club Boys have taught us to expect so much in the way of cabaret efficiency in the past that we scarcely expect them *not* to let us down, but they are better than ever, their new songs are a " wow," and they have even altered some of the old favourites and brought them up-to-date.

On their opening night last week Lord and Lady Elveden and her brother occupied a sofa-table next to Lady Jersey, who was accompanied by Mr. Bobbie Sweeny, and who wore an attractive purple dress and a white fox cape.

Newly-married couples dancing together included the Murray Smiths and the Mark Pilkingtons, and pretty Miss Penelope Maffey in a white dress arrived with Mr. " Rubie " Holland Martin. The balcony, too, was crowded, and we discerned Lord Manton, Mr. Charles Mills, Mr. Charles Birkin, and the attractive Miss Koopman, whose large spectacles in no way detract from her charm.

Party by Flashlight

COMMITTEE meetings for the innumerable charity-events-to-come fall over each other, morning, afternoon, and cocktail-time. Mrs. Leonard Adams (whose son is marrying beautiful Beatrice Baker) gave one of last week's dozens, notable because all the lights fused, and the photographer's flash-lamp was the only illumination for a short time. The reason for the party was the Royal Waterloo Hospital film gala at the Piccadilly next Wednesday, when *Ramona* is being shown. Mrs. Dudley Ryder, one of the vice-chairmen, is motoring in America, so wasn't there, but her daughter, Mrs. Clive Loehnis, was, and as her husband is " in films " (he used to be in the Navy) she has some reason to understand film premieres. She and Mrs. Alistair Maynard came together; the latter's husband designs modern furniture and has as shrewd an eye for colour as Mrs. Loehnis has for the newest hats.

The Fault of " The Winkle "

ONE of the pleasantest places to spend a week-end is Wyphurst House, Cranleigh, the home of the Vivian Jacksons: old, extremely comfortable, and haunted, of course, but not that you would notice.

Miss Kit Dunn and her engaging little nephew, David Jenkinson, were there last week-end; also Hermione Baddeley, who is rehearsing for a new play and who motored down for the day with that very entertaining young man, Mr. John Russell. His lovely sister, Camilla, is to be married in a week or two to Mr. Christopher Sykes.

At tea-time some of the party invaded the rural retreat of the Patrick Davisons, who live nearby and who have completely deserted London since the arrival of their very lively son and heir, known as " The Winkle," last January. They are a very amusing and good-looking couple, both enviably slender and very much missed by their many friends in Mayfair.

A Studio Date

LUNCHEON at the London Film Studios at Denham is an amusing " date." We went down the other day as the guests of Miss Luli Deste, the new German discovery who is starring with Mr. Edward G. Robinson in *Thunder in the City*.

One feels terribly homely and unmade-up with an incredibly painted star at almost every table and an equally famous director at every other.

Marlene Dietrich, who was over in a corner with Cathleen Nesbitt and Nigel Bruce, looks even lovelier than ever, if possible, as her face is exquisitely shaded in some mysterious way. She was wearing dark blue and white spotted pyjamas, and put on a sumptuous coat of beige cloth and beaver when she went back to her dressing-room.

Our hostess, who is the Baroness Hohenburg in private life, is extremely attractive, with a distinct resemblance to both Merle Oberon and Myrna Loy, and we don't wonder at her meteoric flight to fame. She wears opals, collects Afgham wolfhounds, and has signed a Hollywood contract.

MISS PEEPS

The Hon. Patricia St. Clair. Lord and Lady Sinclair's only daughter, was, so they say, "her usual cheerful self"

Mrs. Raymond Buller (Ruth Ritchie that was) and Lady Mary Egerton were at this crowded Border meeting

Two high-hatted decorations—Miss Ursula Watson and Miss Diana Elliot

Scottish Racing

The United Border Hunts Meeting at Kelso

Above are Lord Sligo and Lady Warrender, waiting for something to happen. The Warrenders have now come back to London, to their Great Cumberland Place house

Here are Mrs. Arthur Galbraith, the Hon. Mrs. David Balfour, and the latter's dachshund, who submitted placidly to a foot-and-ankle view of the racing

Right: Miss Barbara Lambton and Lady Diana Percy look brisk and "constitutional"

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 43

Marlene Dietrich

MARLENE DIETRICH reminds me of a supercharged Mercédès. Where other film stars, like Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow, are firing on all six cylinders at eighty miles an hour, Marlene Dietrich is cruising nonchalantly at ninety. Her challenge to the male is elemental, like the Dance of the Seven Veils. Can you strip her of her poise? Can *anyone* strip her of her poise? That half-smile of faint amusement and that long glance which starts with your eyes, descends to your feet and, lingering for a moment on the upward sweep, looks you meditatively straight between your eyes, is the kind of look that the playboy gives the chorus girl—or is one boasting?

Well, this is the impression she gives, and while Rubens would have concentrated on her superb flesh tints and Leonardo da Vinci alone could have translated on to canvas her intangible smile, any modern artist would give his eyes to depict her exquisite legs.

Marlene Dietrich, when first encountered, makes a grown man feel like an undergraduate and a married woman like a flapper—a disconcerting gift. But how she resents intrusions! Her voice with strangers is cold, calm and selective. It would be terrific, you feel, if she ever blazed up. Marlene Dietrich seems only to smoulder. Fan her to flaming point? What a death!

That is how you feel when you first meet her in the flesh. But no one can be a demi-goddess all the time. It isn't human. And Marlene Dietrich is very human. She plays lawn tennis, though one cannot imagine her doing anything so ordinary. You should try her *bœuf strogonoff*. She has a small daughter, Maria, to whom she is utterly devoted. It is only Maria who ever gets letters from her (and what a handwriting—cynical yet emotional; guarded and yet helter-skelter). It is only Maria's health which ever makes her feel nervous.

MARLENE DIETRICH was born in Berlin, and was half-starved like all the other children there during the war when everything was made of turnips or potatoes. Her father, a Major in a line regiment, and all her uncles were killed on the German side. One of them, Max Dietrich, commanded the first Zeppelin shot down in flames near London. She has only one sister—now a Doctor of Philosophy in Berlin. At first she was destined for the concert hall, and studied the violin at Weimar. Then came the turn of the wheel. While practising a solo sonata by Bach, one of the tendons in her right hand was stretched, and having neglected it, she was told she could never become a star artist. At the time she was reading Hoffmanstahl's *Death and the Fool*. She read it aloud to herself. The words sounded so lovely that she decided to go on the stage. Max Reinhardt's School of Dramatic Art received her. From there she graduated to his theatre, where her first part in public was the widow in *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Elisabeth Bergner playing Katharina.

Various one-line parts in Berlin and Vienna followed, until one night she sang "My Best Friend" at the Kurfürstendamm, and that was that. She was already married to Rudolf Siebert, the film director, but Ufa sent for her. She met Sternberg. *The Blue Angel* and *Morocco* followed.

Marlene Dietrich never plays cards, sleeps badly, never shows curiosity, likes all-in wrestling because it makes her laugh, enjoys Stravinsky and the modern French artists, drinks champagne, still wears grey flannel trousers, would like to act opposite Ronald Colman, and never does things by halves. In my opinion, she had lived many lives before. The Empress Julia? Perhaps. The Empress Theodora? Certainly.

Charles Graves

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

Pure Comedy But Naughty

"The Country Wife" (Old Vic)

RESTORATION comedies are notoriously naughty. This revival of the naughtiest of them all is the most inspiriting thing a dismally disappointing autumn season has yet given us. Dismally disappointing are the words. As the crowds in the streets have grown steadily bigger at each new show attended by Marlene Dietrich, the shows themselves have grown steadily worse. "These people must be crazy!" murmurs the first-nighter, fighting his way in. But before the piece is half over, he may begin to wonder whether, after all, those who fight their way in are not even crazier than those who, but for the cordons of constables, would humanely bar their path.

AT the Old Vic, however, it is the playgoer rather than the star-gazer who gets the treat. Here is wit of the first water, acting of the top class, décor of the best taste. And though you may wonder what the real Old Vic would have said to *The Country Wife*, nobody in the auditorium turns a hair. To be shocked was once regarded as a sign of virtue. Now it is just a confession of weakness. And so determined are we not to be weak that even the hardened Restorationists were much more shocked by their own plays than we are.

SO little are we shocked that *The Country Wife* is one of the big successes of the moment. The whole town is flocking once again to hear the story of Mr. Horner, who pretended impotence in order that he might make free with the wives of his friends. And I, for one, maintain that this merciless comedy of sex will leave the town no worse than it found it because Wycherley was, surprising though it may sound, a writer of the purest comedy, never sympathising with his characters, which is fatal to comedy, but always standing as superior to them as a human being is to a puppet. We laugh at, not with, his Horners and Pinchwifes and Fidgets and Sparkishes who, though they say many witty things, are at no moment allowed to be as witty as the playwright who created them.

There is, in fact, no character in the piece with whom we would willingly change shoes. The appeal is continually to the mind, never to the feelings. Let those who have any doubts on the æsthetic integrity of *The Country Wife* imagine for a moment what it would become if purified by a Hollywood scenario-writer and performed by Hollywood stars acting under a Hollywood producer.

IT is, of course, the incomparable Edith Evans who carries off the chief acting honours, for is there—one is tempted to ask, has there ever been?—her equal in Restoration comedy. The only complaint I have against her Lady Fidget is that it is not on the stage all the time. But that is as well for the other players, for whether she is reviling Mr. Horner as a "filthy fellow," or urging him to reassure her that he is "perfectly perfect," or germinating a lie with which to extricate herself from a compromising situation, it is almost impossible to look at anyone else—which includes Ursula Jeans, Iris Hoey, Eileen Peel, James Dale, Ernest Thesiger, and even Richard Goolden.

Lady Fidget ponders on her honour (Edith Evans)

WITH the performance given by Ruth Gordon, the American actress, as the Country Wife herself, I am less entranced. That she is full of comic resource and that she holds her audience cannot be denied. But if she knows anything about English country girls in any century, it does not appear. One feels that this Margery Pinchwife was born and bred on Mrs. Wiggs's cabbage-patch and that she grew up in ringed stockings, with a knob of hair twisted atop of the head. She has, however, made a hit over here and will make an even greater hit when the whole show goes to America—where Tyrone Guthrie's intelligent direction and Oliver Messel's décor should also win admiration.

Sketches by Rouson

The country wife (Ruth Gordon) wonders how to deceive her husband, but Mr. Pinchwife (James Dale) is set against cuckoldom

Old woman about town, Mr. Sparkish (Ernest Thesiger) and the gallant Mr. Horner (Michael Redgrave)

For a Wedding—the Kilt

Hector Morison wore kilt and ruffles when he married Stella Katherine Tudge, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Tudge, of Chipstead, Surrey, at a City Church. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Morison, also live in Surrey, but his grandfather lives in Greenock

The Check Ulster for Racing and the Gilbey Hat for Watching Golf

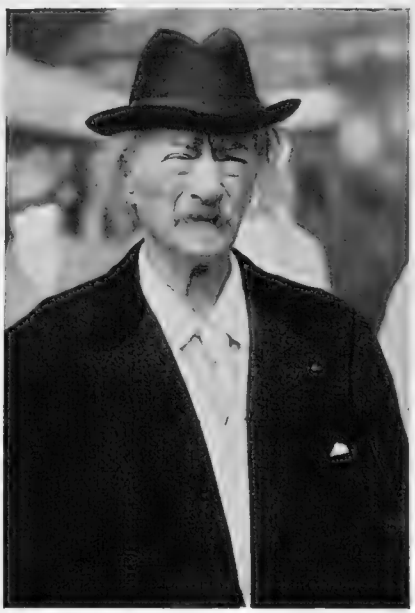
The wearer of the interesting leather-buttoned check coat was Mr. Montagu Denys who is talking to Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell; this was at Towcester Races. The hat was (of course) worn by Sir Walter Gilbey who also carried a spare mackintosh; he was watching the "Bystander" Autumn Foursomes final

Fashions for Men

Some Autumn Variations

For a Wedding—the Get-Up Regardless

Mr. Robertson Hare is chosen prize wedding-guest for his spick-and-span (look at his shining feet). He is with Mrs. Hare at the Larder-Jewell wedding



For Travelling—the Low Collar

Paderewski, the great pianist, was photographed just before he left England, having finished making his first film

For What?—the Private-Army Uniform

Sir Oswald Mosley's chauffeur-esque uniform might go out of fashion if the Government decides it gives the police too much to do

Friend to Wolves

Mr. Spens Steuart Pays His Morning Visit to the Zoo

Every morning this "wolf-man" goes to the Zoo to see the wolves as another man might visit his kennels. He is the only person besides the keeper allowed into the enclosure, and can do as he likes with the animals, brushing and combing them, playing with them, even carrying them pick-a-back. This strange power is, he believes, due to his ability to read and communicate with the wolf mind, and it is only in wolves he is thus interested. At Whipsnade he has often helped to quieten and handle animals which had to be treated or operated on. In recognition of his services there, the R.Z.S. presented him with two young Zoo-born wolves, part of the litter of four with whom he was photographed at the London Zoo. They are now just fully grown. Mr. Steuart is also an inventor, and is at the moment working with the Post Office on a telephone improvement

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

You may have heard the broadcast from Utica, N.Y., concerning a yellow-bellied sapsucker which is pecking down the house of a Mr. Frank B. Seaton. Mr. Seaton's house is of the wooden "frame" type. The bird has already pecked holes through one wall and is still soberly working away, and the local Game Warden has forbidden anyone to molest it. Hence Mr. Seaton and family are looking forward keenly to the migrating season for sapsuckers, which begins at the end of October. The whole darned story sounds as if it were written by James Thurber, with those lovely idiotic sketches, but apparently it 's true. The B.B.C. said so.

We 'd have liked the story even more if (*a*) the bird had been a hornbill, one of those fantastic little blazingly-coloured fellows with enormous yellow beaks you see at the Zoo, and (*b*) it had been pecking away not at Mr. Seaton's house but at his head. And Mr. Seaton ought to have belonged to the New York Yacht Club and been the president of a bank. There he would sit day after day, in the bank or in the Club smoking-room, with the hornbill pecking away at his dome, and nobody would be so ill-mannered as to remark on it. This is no extravagant imagining. Many thinkers and men of letters have been a mark for woodpeckers, among them D. H. Lawrence, whose sexy tantrums were often soothed by the rhythmic, healing tap-tap of a tiny beak on his throbbing brow. It 's an unfortunate commentary on the weaknesses of genius that—so we 've been told—his women admirers would sometimes let their hair down and try to lure the bird away. This would lead to agonising scenes of jealousy and misery and recrimination, during which practically everybody would get slapped. The Master would finally rush away screaming, and would be found later sulking up a tree without any clothes on, wild-eyed and sick with revolt. Another eminent litterateur who is continually pecked by birds (mostly guinea-fowl) is R. Benchley, but he at least has the stark courage to snap back at them. Galsworthy, on becoming president of the P.E.N. Club, was attacked by an owl, but nothing came of it.

Stoic

The despatches of the *Times* special correspondent with the British Grahamland Expedition, exploring the unknown Antarctic coastline, are models of their kind; plain, forthright, unemotional, Nordic prose, devoid of flafla. Nothing exciting has happened as yet, but if the whole expedition went up in smoke we bet that boy wouldn't show any more emotion than a Red Indian. He 'd cable something like—

GRAHAMLAND, Oct. 8.

Bodger, Willis, and Griggs fell off an iceberg to-day. Rubble and Tuke have been eaten by bears. The sea, which has been stormy of late, inclines to be worse. Six seals entered the hut yesterday and bit off my toes. The sledges and stores disappeared on September 3rd in a blizzard, and the ice is breaking up. M'Whaup and Grummitt are well, but fight all day with paddles. I am down a hole. Duckers has not appeared since Friday, when he ate Ickleworth and went out on all-fours. The second half of the party blew themselves up yesterday with dynamite. The weather, which has been remarkably changeable, now tends to be colder, with hurricanes and snowstorms. The curious formation of clouds in the north-west (etc., etc.).

This is what is called the Waterloo School of English Prose, betraying no surprise nor exaltation, divorced alike from anguish and joy; a level gray expanse where no birds sing, so named from Victor Hugo's majestic line—

Waterloo, Waterloo, Waterloo, morne plaine!

Face

Moscow has put Karl Radek into prison for his connection with the recent terrorist plot against Stalin (whose aged mother calls him "Soso," and isn't that something to think about, too!) The latest photograph of Mr. Radek, principal editor of *Izvestia*, the official Soviet newspaper, reveals him as the possessor of one of those serious, disgusting beards which go round each side and meet under the chin, leaving the face proper (to coin a phrase) cleanshaved. Also Mr. Radek wears large spectacles, completing the portrait of the Perfect Prig. On these two illuminating data alone we could write a thumbnail study of Mr. Radek without ever looking up the *Soviet Who 's Who*.

If we seem a little rattled and shaky, it 's probably due to the association of ideas. The Radek ensemble so closely resembles that of the most odious kind of Victorian charlatan that we 'd find it hard to believe such a face wasn't guilty of practically everything, from penny readings of Smiles and Emerson to homicidal mania; and never a laugh out of it from cradle to grave.

"Good — now I can let her out"

"Your Mr. Snaith has now confirmed your objections to our scheme"

If there is one saving grace in the sorry business it 's that the Radek beard boldly (or cold-bloodedly) reveals a chin, whereas, as you probably know, the chief reason for wearing a beard is to fill up the place where the chin ought to come in a normal face.

When we were younger it was our custom, on meeting a bearded face, to pry laughingly in the undergrowth, pretending to search for cake-crumbs and old 'bus-tickets. The half-tickled, half-embarrassed expression of a Professor of Economics we thus examined in Portland Place rises before our eyes even now. Once, and once only, the laugh was on us. Running a practised finger through the facial fuzz of a biologist in the Athenæum library, we were surprised to hear a tiny muscial-box suddenly tinkling *Annie Laurie*. "That 's fooled you, brother," laughed the scientist. "A pretty lousy surprise," chuckled a passing prelate. "Always up to some novel yet innocent trick," added the (then) Editor of the *Spectator*, playfully hacking his brother-member on the calf. All present then broke into a slow waltz, after which refreshments, both solid and liquid, were done ample justice to.

Danse Macabre

DESPITE ourselves we were interested to learn from Fleet Street's leading gossip-lad the other day that Lord's Cricket Ground covers a plague-pit. Thousands of victims of the Plague, it seems, were thrown into a vast pit embracing Lord's, the ground—now a traffic roundabout—facing the church opposite, and part of the Finchley Road adjoining. This explains to some extent the peculiar atmosphere of Lord's, that charnel atmosphere which strikes a chill into the imaginative on the sunniest summer day. (Nor is there any comfort to be snatched by examining stray members of the M.C.C., for they have all been dead for years.) Daddy Holbein ought to have been alive to attend Lord's during the season, and add a few more vivid studies to his Dance of Death.

Dürer, also, now we think of it. There 's a woodcut of Dürer's called "Death and the Landsknecht" (we have a copy) which might have been with equal truth and a little rearrangement of costume been called "Death and the Cricketer." A grinning shrouded skeleton is accosting the tall plumed soldier, showing him an hour-glass with the sands almost run out. It 's obvious that the soldier thinks Death a curious sort of cad. His bewildered expression is exactly that of a member of the Gentlemen of England who has never been introduced to Death and hasn't the faintest idea what the unknown bounder is driving at. He grasps his halberd like a bat. His jackboots exactly resemble pads. In the background are what look like the members' stands. Obviously he is about to tell the bony outsider to jolly well buzz round to the professionals' entrance, but in another moment, one perceives, the cold skinny hand will be laid on him and he will be dead. His friends won't guess it, however. Nobody will. It 's just part of the lure of our National Game.

Smugglers Ahoy

IF it is true as the *Express* alleges that smugglers of rum and brandy are again at work on the bleak coast of the Manhood peninsula and the

"This will do—I only want it for a photograph"

creeks south of Chichester, we don't envy them. Their eighteenth-century predecessors hadn't to contend with telephones, wireless, and automobiles, nor had the sweet little modern bungalow begun to invade those desolate, windswept, marshy, dyke-riddled, bird-haunted flats. On the Bosham estuary the hamlets of Appledram (the old smugglers' H.Q.) and Earnley and Birdham were secure from surprise and fear, and there was no Owers Light off Selsey Bill, where the Roman palaces lie drowned beneath the shingle. Apparently the modern smugglers adhere to traditional methods. Strange smacks have been seen within the three-mile limit and off Thorney Island at dusk, trying to get through the channels of Chichester Harbour. One would have expected a fast motor-boat, as employed in Rum Row.

Whether smuggling is still a profitable occupation we can't learn. It no longer pays on the Franco-Belgian frontier, but last time we were in Andorra we were told it was still a business, inherited and in the family, and we heard the same at St. Jean de Luz, behind which beautiful town is that high peak from which you see a great sweep of the Pyrenees beneath you, purple and umber in the setting sun, and the mule-tracks over which the honest smugglers send their trained horses with the Stuff. Whether smuggling is immoral seems also to be debatable, for—as has been pointed out by a modern thinker—there is no contract between you and the Powers, and you have a perfect right to run your risk and take your chance. But whether this is sound ethics we couldn't say, and we doubt strongly if you care.

Penny Plain

Artists and chaps who exhibit at the R.A. are by no means unanimous, it seems, in damning the new penny stamp. While one school of thought, headed by Sir William Rothenstein, is very bitter and snorty and upstage and considers that to use a photograph for the new issue was an insult to Art, a vigorous modernist like Eric Gill calmly twirls his beard and approves the design, barring one or two ugly details, as being entirely adequate to its purpose, while Francis Meynell points out that the only generally-admired English stamp, the original Black Penny, was never designed by an artist at all, but by a working craftsman. Whether this will soothe the more angry and sensitive art boys we couldn't say. Mixing with them not infrequently, our private impression is that if the new stamp had been designed by a Royal Academician, chosen to represent British Art by vote of his fellows, they 'd have been much more upset. "Poor old Blank," they 'd be saying to each other despairingly at this moment in clubs and places. "Poor old devil! Have you seen it? British Art! My God!" For, unlike musicians, artists do not for the most part, grind their teeth with loathing and scrabble on the table; they just go melancholy sour, and resigned.

Actors chatter when faced with a brother-artist's work. Literary blokes squint and foam at the lips. Perhaps the finest way of taking the knock we 've ever seen was that of a sculptor who 'd returned to his club from another sculptor's private view. He just sat dumb and motionless, hand over eyes, bearing his pain in silence and dignity, a cross between Rodin's *Penseur* and Dürer's *Melancholia*.

Fun at the Lakes

A certain acrid fuss is being made by the Westmorland County Council because the Central Electricity Board want to erect pylons between Kendal and Staveley. The claim of the C.E.B. is that the pylons will lend "a certain amount of dignity to a somewhat uninteresting prospect." The clerk to the South Westmorland Rural District Council says visitors come from all parts of the world to see the Remarkable View, and the pylons will ruin it. If Wordsworth were alive to-day his attitude would be clear. He 'd write a whacking great sonnet, not terribly good, denouncing the Central Electricity Board, and having posted it to the *Times* he 'd be ringing up his broker to buy him a block of electricity shares. We conjecture thus because it 's exactly what he did about railways. His indignant sonnet against them ending—

> Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
> To share the passion of a just disdain.

being finished, the poet wrote to Robert Lloyd, the banker, inquiring which railway company offered the best dividends on a projected investment of £500. His fans don't like to be reminded that Daddy liked money as much as the rest of us, just as they hate being reminded of his little affair at Calais with Annette Vallon, which an awful Frenchman revealed a few years ago; but if you ask us, such slips make the great solemn horse-face almost human. We 'd like to think of Wordsworth rolling round Windermere arm in arm with Byron, singing "Auprès de ma Blonde" and "Little Brown Jug," hitting everybody he met, cows and old men with swollen ankles and idiot boys and cottage-girls and skylarks and everybody, rushing home with glowing eyes, throwing Dorothy's ball of wool at Coleridge, kicking Southey gaily in the trousers, and finally jumping into the lake with a loud huzza. Excuse this vulgarity.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Come away! Burny, burny!"

Films of the Day

Old and New Faces : By George Campbell

"ONE of these days," says the bright young man in *Hollywood Boulevard*, which, incidentally, has some lively dialogue very comforting to these old ears, "one of these days I shall write a book about Hollywood, and I shall call it *Too Much—Too Soon—Too Bad!*" Neat and apposite, for the central character is a great lover of the silent days, sky-rocketed to fame, permitted to blaze brightly and briefly in the eyes of the dazzled fans, and as suddenly extinguished.

In the film the fallen star (John Halliday) makes a come-back. He meets an enterprising magazine editor (C. Henry Gordon) who specialises in what is termed, racily and accurately, dishing out the dirt. The memoirs that he writes (for he isn't a bad fellow at heart) are reasonably discreet and consequently unsaleable. The publisher has them edited by an expert, sales jump half a million a week and once more the actor finds himself talked about, referred to, and actually starred in a picture.

ALL this is pretty biting comment on America, and in particular on Hollywood, never afraid to satirise itself. John Halliday is brilliant as the former star; Esther Ralston, the raging beauty of seven or eight years ago, and still good to look at, makes a hit in a comedy rôle as an actress in the old *Desert Love* type of melodrama; and there is an attractive little newcomer, Marsha Hunt, with a nose that is more cute than shapely. I think we shall hear more of Miss Hunt: she is sympathetic, she is natural and she can act.

THE producer has rubbed in the point of this picture, a trifle cruelly, perhaps, by introducing a dozen old-timers whose names once glittered all over the world in lights. Here is Francis X. Bushman, of the classic profile, who thrilled millions of flappers in the days when he played opposite pretty Beverly Bayne. For myself, I shall always remember him in the scene that carried the silent film to heights never reached, for sheer spectacular action and excitement, before or since—the chariot race in *Ben Hur*, with Bushman, a magnificent, malevolently triumphant figure, lashing alternately his four-horse team and poor little Ramon Novarro, thundering alongside. Here, too, are glimpses of Mae Marsh, whose mother in *Over the Hill* caused more tears to flow than any character in the history of the most lachrymose art; Jack Mulhall, jaunty as ever if not quite so young; Maurice Costello, Creighton Hale, Charles Roy, and a dozen others whose faces still have power to cause a little nostalgic pang for the days when we and the cinema were young.

Lionel Barrymore and Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy"

Here is the new Joan Crawford, the star who is now to be taken seriously as an actress. She plays the part of Peggy O'Neill, whose life in the film is so inextricably tangled with the politics of America when Andrew Jackson was President a hundred or so years ago. Lionel Barrymore plays Jackson, and Franchot Tone (Joan Crawford's husband) and Robert Young are two of the men in the heroine's life. "The Gorgeous Hussy" went to the Empire ten days ago and is reviewed here this week

WHEN a picture is called *Follow Your Heart*, you are in the same boat as the rattlesnake's victim: you can't say you haven't been warned. This American musical is very much like other bad musicals, except that it is worse. Is there a law of nature that prevents one and the same person from combining a fine singing voice and good looks? Or is it just the law of averages? Anyway, neither Michael Bartlett nor Marion Talley is particularly photogenic, though the photographer does what he can for the lady by keeping her slightly out of focus; and Miss Talley's speaking voice is outrageously harsh and flat, in striking contrast to her easy, rounded, really accomplished singing. Why is it that so many people try to sing before they can talk?

A RESPECTFUL salutation in the direction of Joan Crawford for her performance in *The Gorgeous Hussy*. I have never been one of Miss Crawford's more frenzied fans. If she goes on like this I shall have to fall into line. She is well made up, for the first time I can remember, and her acting reveals a corresponding ease and naturalness without any loss of emotional power. A serious-minded, intensely ambitious girl, haunted by visions of Bernhardt and Duse, Miss Crawford has raised herself from the scullery to stardom by her own unaided efforts. Is it any wonder she became a little too intense, on the screen and off? They say her marriage to Franchot Tone is working out satisfactorily: certainly she looks happier, and her new frame of mind is reflected in her acting. In *The Gorgeous Hussy*, for the first time, she succeeds in achieving her dramatic effects without evidence of strain.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, author of the story, hit on a rich and unexploited historical field—American politics just over a hundred years ago, when Andrew Jackson ("Old Hickory") was the popular hero and a picturesque gang of Yankee idealists like Daniel Webster, Southern aristocrats like John Randolph, Washington snobs like the Calhouns, and all manner of pioneers, intriguers, adventurers and plain crooks hovered like buzzards around the White House. Settlers had only recently penetrated as far as Tennessee, the War of 1812 with England was still a lively memory, already the States' Rights problem was foreshadowing the Civil War, feeling on this and fifty other issues ran high, and politicians were ready to fight at the drop of a hat. Jackson himself had killed a man in a duel, and as a boy of thirteen had helped some others in an attempt to capture a party of British soldiers in a church. He was captured himself instead, was ordered to black a major's boots, and when he refused was given a cut with a sabre that left him with a life-long scar and a life-long dislike of England. A vivid, swashbuckling old fire-eater, played by Lionel Barrymore with sincerity and power. Beulah Bondi makes a memorable figure of his homespun wife, and Melvyn Douglas, Franchot Tone, Robert Taylor and James Stewart do well in supporting rôles.

The Gorgeous Hussy is sometimes rambling, often inaccurate, but never dull.

Howard Coster, London

Erich Pommer Has Completed "Fire Over England"

Erich Pommer is a film star of the first magnitude, but a star of the studio, not the screen. A German, born in 1889, he not only put his own country's name on the film map, but was largely responsible for starting the whole Continental moving-picture industry on its brilliant career. As Director-General of Ufa, he produced *Metropolis*, *Die Niebelungen*, *Congress Dances* and *The Blue Angel*, launching, in the last, von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich; others who owe him a lot are Fritz Lang, Berger and Erik Charrell. He left Ufa in 1926, went to the U.S.A., produced *Hotel Imperial*, *Barbed Wire* and *Music in the Air*, but never found his feet in Hollywood's slick glamour and joined Alex Korda last year. His name suitably heads, as producer, the powerful collaboration of talent making London Films' *Fire Over England*, his first English picture, shooting of which is just completed. Pommer is the example of the proverb, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself," for unlike most producers he does not work from an office, but on the set

Yevonde

Portrait of Gertrude Lawrence

She left last week for her American season with Noel Coward in *To-night at 8.30*, and had to hurry straight to Southampton from Denham and catch the boat still in her *Men Are Not Gods* make-up. That 's the film (it was called *Triangle*) that she and Miriam Hopkins and Sebastian Shaw have been working on, under Walter Reisch's direction. Before that she was busy in the much-publicised Laughton film, *Rembrandt*. The American season will probably last till next March, as it is to include a tour of the States, ending up at Los Angeles. Gertrude Lawrence means at all costs to be back for the Coronation, and by then her new house will be ready. She has bought an old farm near Denham and is having it modernised and the inevitable swimming-pool built

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

The Viscountess Bury

Lady Bury is the attractive second wife of the Earl and Countess of Albemarle's eldest son; she was Diana Cicely Grove before her marriage in 1931, daughter of the late Major John A. Grove. She and her husband have one four-year-old daughter, but she is also stepmother to a family of five, Lord Bury's children by his first wife, who died in 1928. He has three sons, of whom the eldest is in the 13th/18th Hussars and the second is a midshipman in the Navy, and two daughters, the elder now Mrs. David McKenna, and the younger a sub-deb of sixteen. The Burys live in the country, at Eccles Hall, near Norwich, Lord Bury being a J.P. and Deputy Lieutenant of Norfolk

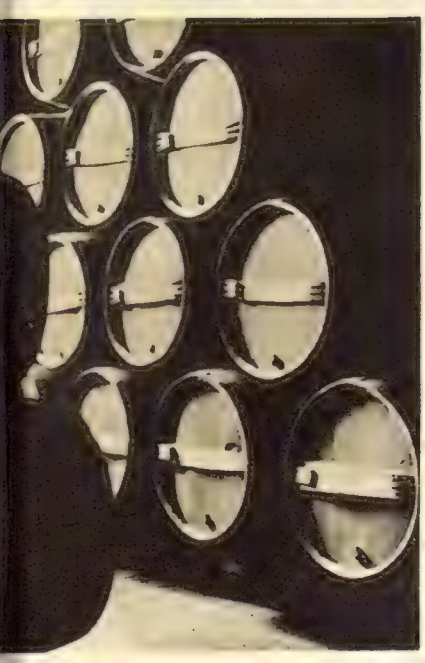
Waiting for the Veuve's scissors and basket: the vines have been sprayed with a weak solution of copper sulphate to fortify them against the rusts and mildews always ready to baulk the bottle

Making Champagne

Rheims is the capital of the champagne country, and it has just passed through the most active period of the vinous year—the harvesting of the grape and pressing of the juice. Very intense cultivation is needed for a successful vine harvest for the plant is highly exacting as to soil and climate and a favourite of several active plant parasites. Between the blooming of the small vine-flower and the popping of your champagne cork at supper, every factor must be just right—sun and rain throughout growth and picking, temperature and atmosphere throughout fermentation and maturing—to produce wine of a vintage year. These photographs were taken on a big property near Rheims

Left: Mme. la Veuve, grown mellow in the service of Bacchus (widows seem to flourish in the champagne industry)

Male Bacchante—20th Century Gallic Style



On the left are the casks ordinary and on the right is the cask superb—built for the 1840 exhibition, capable of holding a thousand gallons, still in good condition. Straight grape-juice is put in the casks for the first fermentation, which takes place in vaults fifty feet deep in the chalk rock; then it is bottled overground and lowered again for the second fermentation, achieved under pressure and responsible for the sparkle in the wine. The caves were hewn out by Julius Cæsar's men for chalk to build the town with, and possess the ideal requisite for the maturing of champagne—an even temperature of 10-11° centigrade

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

John Everard

Segovia—a Great Guitarist

Andrès Segovia is one of Spain's great musicians, and a guitar-player without equal. What he can do with his instrument seems limitless, but side by side with the amazing range of effects he can produce goes a breath-taking delicacy and exactitude, the purest tone, and a rhythm austere enough for Bach, exciting enough for the Spanish composers who have dedicated works to him. At his recital a fortnight ago the programme was two-thirds Bach, to-night when he is giving his second recital at the Wigmore Hall, he is playing mainly Spanish music. He is Andalusian, was born in Granada in 1893, and made his earliest public appearance there when he was fourteen. His first tour abroad was to South America in 1919, and his first visit to England about ten years ago. Since then he has come here most years, and has toured all over the world

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"Hamlet" in New York

Brilliant Success of a Brilliant Cast

Lillian Gish Plays Ophelia

Lillian Gish covers—and conquers—new ground in *Hamlet*; it is her first Shakespearean part. At the age of seven she danced in a Sarah Bernhardt production, went into pictures in 1912, and only returned to the stage six years ago, playing Helena in *Uncle Vanya*. The part of Ophelia completes her return to sterner drama after a series of glamourous films had sent her name round the world

Photographs by Vandamm, New York

John Gielgud as Hamlet, Judith Anderson as Queen Gertrude

John Gielgud's Hamlet drove the New York Empire Theatre first-night audience to great scenes of enthusiasm; they applauded for a quarter of an hour and made him take sixteen curtains. Judith Anderson, whose resemblance to Gielgud makes her well cast as Hamlet's mother, Queen Gertrude, is Australian, but most of her stage career has been in the U.S. Like Lillian Gish, she was making her Shakespeare debut in the Guthrie McClintic production, soon to be rivalled on Broadway by Leslie Howard's Hamlet (with Pamela Stanley as Ophelia). Noel Coward, who was in the Empire first-night audience, completes the English invasion with his *To-night at 8.30* in Boston

"Bystander" Short Story No. 60

The Mosquito Net

By Arthur Mills

FLYNN slipped off a glove and smeared his cheeks and the back of his neck with citronella; then he put the glove on again, and walked across to Bentley's house. The bed in which Bentley had died stood in the centre of the earth floor. After making sure that his gloves were drawn over his wrists and his boots properly fastened beneath the knees, Flynn switched on his torch and went forward to the bed. He unfastened two corners of the mosquito-net and held back the flap. After waiting a few minutes he took the net down, folded it carefully, and carried it to his car, which he had left at the back of the District Commissioner's house. He put the net in the car and walked round to the verandah, where the D.C. was sitting with the Doctor.

The Doc and the D.C. had finished two-thirds of a bottle of whisky and were starting on gin. Flynn poured himself some gin, added bitters, and filled the glass with water. He saw the D.C. was grey with fear. The D.C. had to stay behind. Flynn and the Doc were going back to Salam that night; if they could not get across the Volta before the moon went down, they were going to camp and wait for daylight.

The D.C. poured himself some gin. "If you get it, you are bound to die, aren't you, Doc?"

"Not necessarily," the Doc said, with professional cheerfulness.

Flynn looked at the Doc. Flynn had a thin, yellowish face; his eyes were grey; there was a glitter in them like the sun makes when it strikes the sea.

"Have you ever known a man recover from yellow fever?" Flynn asked.

The Doc had to think before he answered. "Yes, one." He noticed the glitter in Flynn's eyes, and didn't like it.

"And you must have attended a good many cases."

"Two hundred, I should think."

"I don't call two hundred to one a good chance," the D.C. said. He reached out for his glass: he had drunk enough to steady his hand. He had to keep himself from asking Flynn to take him back to Salam. It was hell for a man to have to stay out by himself in a station after his assistant had died of yellow fever. The mosquitoes would all be lousy with it.

"If you keep in the cage after sundown you will be all right," the Doctor said to the D.C.

THEY were sitting in the cage at the moment. It was a gauze contraption at the end of the D.C.'s verandah. "Have your bed moved in and your dinner in here," the Doc said.

"I'm going to"; the D.C. leaned forward and took a cigarette. "How long shall I be in quarantine?"

"Three weeks."

"Can yellow-fever carrying mosquitoes live that time?" Flynn asked.

"You get fresh cases within twenty-one days of a death."

The D.C. poured himself out some more gin. Flynn said to the Doc: "I think we ought to be going; the moon is just getting up; we want to make the most of it." They said goodbye to the D.C.

"How much do they pay that fellow?" the Doc asked Flynn when they were in the car.

"Eight hundred a year." Flynn saw the Doc looking at the mosquito-net he had taken from the bed in which Bentley had died. He did not want the Doc to know where he had got the net. "I told my boy to bring one in case we had to camp; there are a lot of skeeters down by the river," Flynn said.

The Doctor nodded. He was glad Flynn was driving; he could not have kept the track. They had read the service over Bentley at four o'clock. Poor young devil. They ought not to send probationers to out-stations. It was all right for fellows like Flynn. Flynn was tough; he had done eighteen years on the coast. This was his last tour; he had brought a young wife out. Lovely girl! But Flynn was doing right to take her home; Salam was no place for her.

FLYNN seemed in a hurry to get back; they jolted from side to side in the dirt track. The Doctor thought it wouldn't be so good if they crashed; it might be days before they were found.

The moon held for them to cross the Volta, but by the time the Gonjas had got the car over it, it was so black you couldn't see a thing.

Flynn switched on his head-lights. "We're going on, Doc."

"Do you have to? They won't be expecting us till the evening."

"I know that." Flynn pressed the starter.

The Doctor didn't think Flynn would be able to keep the track; he had no hedges to help him; there was swamp each side where there weren't trees. They got into Salam at five in the morning.

"Thanks for taking me out," the Doctor said.

"I had to," Flynn said. He was the Acting Commissioner and Bentley had been his man.

(*Concluded on page 122*)

Illustration by Cyril Holloway

The Concomba knew enough not to kill the wrong man. Now he had got the right one

Flynn dropped the Doctor at the hospital and went on to his house. It was just getting light. He saw young Grimsby crossing the courtyard to the Guest House as he drove up. It was what he expected. He went straight to his wife's room. Myra was sitting in her dressing-gown in a cane chair; there were some cards on a table nearby, and another chair near that. Myra looked tired.

"How did you get back so soon?" Myra said.

"Drove through the night. What was Grimsby doing in my house?"

"He came over because I asked him to. I was frightened."

"What of?"

"I heard steps outside. It wasn't one of the boys. Whoever it was went all round the house. I turned the light on and saw a face pressed against the window. It was a native, and I knew he must have seen I was alone, so I called out to Mr. Grimsby. He came over and said he would stay till it was daylight."

"And you played patience, I suppose," Flynn said, walking over to the card-table, and noticing the hands hadn't been played out.

"Yes, we did."

"Well, that is fine." Flynn turned and walked out of the room.

Myra let him go. She did not like the way he had spoken to her. They were in the Concomba country, where District Commissioners had been killed. She had had an excuse to be frightened.

At breakfast Flynn tried to be natural to young Grimsby, then he suddenly thought what his assistant had done to him. He looked across the table at the lad he had been father and mother to. The curly-haired, blue-eyed, double-crossing little bastard. He could take what was coming.

Myra saw the look come into her husband's eyes and knew what he was thinking. Well, if that was what he thought of her she would leave him to it. She had been a good wife to him and had a clear conscience.

When breakfast was over, Flynn said to young Grimsby: "I have got that witch doctor to attend to this evening. I want you to take my wife to the tennis."

Young Grimsby looked pleased. Flynn would like to have hit him across his silly, grinning mouth.

After breakfast Flynn went down to the court-house. He ordered the witch doctor, who had been making trouble, a month in prison. Flynn hated witch doctors; half the bother with the Concombas was stirred up by the dirty scheming brutes. When he heard the sentence, the witch doctor made a speech. He said if he wasn't set free Flynn would be dead before another day. Flynn ordered him to be flogged at four o'clock.

He had his lunch sent down to the office, and took a siesta afterwards. He lay out on a cane chair, but he couldn't sleep and his head grew hot. At four he went over to the prison and watched sentence carried out on the witch doctor; then he went back to his house.

Myra and young Grimsby were just leaving for the tennis club. Flynn watched them go. Young Grimsby was driving, Myra sitting alongside. Myra left plenty of space between herself and her escort; Flynn noticed this; then he thought how they got together when he was not there.

After they had gone he went back to the house; he went into the dining-room and poured himself half a tumbler of whisky; he left the whisky on the table, went to the bedroom, got the citronella and smeared his neck and face and hands; then he put on his mosquito boots and went back and drank the whisky. After this he went round to the back of the house and fetched the mosquito net he had taken from Bentley's bed. He had been planning to murder young Grimsby for days, but hadn't known how to do it. His chance had come when he was called out to the yellow-fever case.

He carried the net over to the Guest House, put it on a chair, and stood looking at the net that was fixed to Grimsby's bed. He was going to change those nets and young Grimsby would be dead by Wednesday; there were yellow-fever carrying mosquitoes in the net he had taken from Bentley's bed. Those mosquitoes were going to bite young Grimsby.

It meant bringing yellow fever into the station. Flynn didn't care. He hated his fellow whites; he believed they had been laughing at him behind his back. When the epidemic started he would walk round and grin at them as they sat in their mosquito-proof cages. Jealousy had attacked him badly.

The Concomba crouching below the window watched. He had been sent the night before to kill Flynn, but Flynn had not been there. He had seen another white man sitting with Flynn's woman. They had sat with a table between them playing cards till dawn. The Concomba had not understood this, but he knew enough not to kill the wrong man. Now he had got the right one. When Flynn turned his back and began to unfasten the mosquito net over young Grimsby's bed, the Concomba flung his spear. The spear hit Flynn under the right shoulder. In the curious way that men in battle know these things, Flynn knew the instant he had been hit that he had not been killed. Had the spear gone in the other side, by the heart, it would have been a different story.

He pitched forward, clutching at the chair on which he had put Bentley's net.

He was lying across the chair when Myra and young Grimsby came back from tennis. Myra cried out. Then she went down on her knees and took Flynn's head in her hands. Flynn could tell from her manner that young Grimsby didn't mean a thing to her. But he couldn't look at Myra; he had to keep his eyes away. For he hadn't believed what she said; he had tried to poison young Grimsby with yellow-fever germs; he ought to be flogged like the witch doctor; he wasn't fit to live with his fellow whites.

"Take that thing away and burn it," Flynn said, pointing to the mosquito-net that had belonged to Bentley and was soaked with blood.

THE END

Oliver Messel Has a Double Success

There are two Messel-decorated shows on in London just now: Wycherley's comedy, "The Country Wife," at the Old Vic, and Hollywood's film of "Romeo and Juliet," at His Majesty's. The dresses and setting at the Old Vic couldn't be more delightful, from Mrs. Pinchwife's surprising red flannel petticoat to the "School for Cuckolds" drop-curtain. Across the Atlantic, "Victoria Regina" has re-appeared this autumn; Oliver Messel's work for that made him a brilliant reputation in the States

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Mr. A. G. Macdonell's New Book: By Alan Thomas

IN *Lords and Masters* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. A. G. Macdonell has loosed off another quiverful of good satiric arrows. He is aiming this time not so much at the eccentricities of society as at the folly—the monstrous and unspeakable folly—of the human race, which, in this year of grace 1936, is preparing as fast as it can for its own destruction. Though Mr. Macdonell can prick as pretty a bubble as anyone I know, he is clearly not content to be for ever pricking bubbles: it is with a purpose, if not with a vengeance, that he shatters our illusions. Here we are, a civilised community calling ourselves Christians (at least, a good many of us do); yet which of us in our private or our public actions is basing our conduct on the simple Christian precept: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"? That, in effect, is the text Mr. Macdonell takes for his unconventional and highly amusing sermon.

The nub of the problem—as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse would say—lies in the discovery of a metal alloy called Perdurite, which is much lighter than the lightest aluminium, and much harder than the hardest steel. What hopes, therefore, in this time of rearmament for the steel interests, if this new alloy is allowed upon the market? Perdurite, however, cannot be manufactured without Gloxite, which, in turn, is obtainable only in an Eastern European country known as Cimbro-Suevonia. Cut off the supply of Gloxite, and you automatically cut off the supply of Perdurite—an admirable arrangement for the steel kings. But what if Gloxite is also discovered to be a certain cure for cancer in women? And what if the destruction of the Gloxite mines involves the destruction of the miners also? Whose interests are to be preferred?

Mr. Macdonell, however, does not reserve his shafts only for financial magnates and manufacturers of arms. In so far as this is a man-run world, so also is it a crazy one. And the suggestion seems to be that women might make a better job of it. The arguments here, I confess, seem more negative than positive.

For the rest, *Lords and Masters* shows Mr. Macdonell at the top of his form, debunking anything from a charity ball to a protective tariff, from a dictatorship to the award of a military decoration. In the art of sticking pins into society, he is an easy first. But, as I have suggested, there is more here than pin-sticking. There is a warning which we shall do well to heed. Not without reason has the book been dedicated to Dick Sheppard.

NOVELS of escape are very much in the fashion, and the little heroine of Miss Eleanor Farjeon's *Humming Bird* (Michael Joseph; 7*s.* 6*d.*), in spite of being a young Victorian, is an arch-escapologist. When Mr. Cedric Belfrage tried to get away from it all, he was at once entangled in the paraphernalia of twentieth-century travel — passports, trains, boats and aeroplanes. But Miss Farjeon's Lizzie needed none of these things. Her technique was much simpler. She had only to hold a Sèvres chocolatière or a golden musical-box with a humming-bird that sang like a nightingale, and at once she was transported—and here the Victorian miss is one up on Mr. Belfrage—not only through space, but through time itself, back through the best part of two centuries to the court of Le Roi Soleil. It was, you see, quite easy for Lizzie to come across such objets d'art et de vertu, because her aunt kept a bric-à-brac shop in Hounsbury, and when that aunt is also the granddaughter of refugees from the French Revolution, what more natural than that her shop should contain family heirlooms?

Miss Farjeon touches highwater mark in the throw-backs among the Court at Versailles, and at the Opera with Watteau and the Italian Comedians. And there is an almost jig-saw ingenuity in the way she links up that period with the odd inhabitants of the bric-à-brac shop. If you should want to get away from it all for an hour or so into the atmosphere of fantasy and whimsey, I strongly recommend the *Humming Bird*. And if you know London's Northern Heights, you will not need to be a Sherlock Holmes to identify the suburb of Hounsbury or its antique shop.

Yevonde

Derek Patmore

Has a new book — this time on interior decoration — coming out next week (October 26th), called "I Decorate My Home," published by Putnams. His last book, "Portrait of My Family" came out last year; it is a study of his famous great-grandfather, Coventry Patmore. He has also written a play, "Life of a Lady," in collaboration with his stepfather, Richard Aldington

"HOUSEMASTER" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a yarn in Ian Hay's best manner—sentimental, wholesome, and thoroughly "white." Take three high-spirited English girls — two in their teens, the other sweet and twenty — straight from the Quartier Latin, where they have been leading no end of a life with their widowed father, and deposit them as guests at an English public school; add an avuncular and entirely lovable housemaster, a varied assortment of assistant masters, a Head whose notion of reform involves trampling on all the school traditions, and a collection of animals of the genus schoolboy: mix well and allow the mixture to simmer for six weeks; this, you will find, is an excellent recipe for High Jinks. Needless to say, everything works out happily on the last day of term, and the school breaks up with loud and rousing cheers for all concerned, except, perhaps, for the Head, Mr. Ovington, unpopularly known as the Egg; but he deserved to have his skull cracked anyway. A delightful novel, equally agreeable for young and old.

"THE MUSICAL BOX," by Clare Leighton (Gollancz; 6*s.*), is a charmingly illustrated children's book about a little French town that was kept in a glass case; and one day, when someone forgot to pull the string, no one in the town could move. The dog's nose was glued to a stone, and the little sentry on the fort was motionless. And then a wonderful thing happened—which I shall leave you to discover for yourself. This is a splendid example of Clare Leighton's work. Not only has she told a story that every child will love, but she has illustrated it with lettering and coloured pictures that delight the eye. Decidedly a book for the Christmas list.

IN the detective field, I recommend *Man Overboard*, by Freeman Wills Croft (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), with Inspector French in action; *Did She Fall?*, by Thorne Smith (Arthur Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), most unfortunately the last of that amusing author's works; *The Uncounted Hour* (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Warner Allen, who, it will be remembered, collaborated with Mr. E. C. Bentley in *Trent's Own Case*; and *Death at the President's Lodging* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Michael Innes, who will have a large following if he goes on as he has started.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

All the glamour and mystery of the gorgeous East are reflected in the statuesque figure above. Her black frock is made in a heavy dull silk called Crêpe Rabat, and is cut on close-fitting lines with a cleverly draped harem skirt. It may be seen in the model dressmaking salons on the first floor at Jay's, Regent Street, and is worn with a striking chiffon veil embroidered with hand-painted silver and ruby paillettes. This is held in position by a concealed bandeau, and for practical purposes can be slipped over the head to form a graceful cape. Head-dresses as a whole play an important part this season. Some designers favour lace mantillas and Venetian hoods with picture frocks, while others prefer a simple floral topknot or feather butterfly

Lenare

Twenty-One To-Day

There is always a great deal of talk about the joy of giving, but many people find the gift problem somewhat harassing, and will therefore welcome a few suggestions from Hunt and Roskell (in alliance with J. W. Benson), 25, Old Bond Street. The group of things pictured above have been selected for a twenty-first birthday, and are practical as well as ornamental. Starting from the left is a nine-carat gold vanity case for evening use, striped with blue and white lacquer. Next is a modern eight-day clock in tinted glass with chromium figures. This costs nine guineas and is thoroughly reliable. A cocktail stand in Empire plate consisting of a shaker and six enamelled glasses would certainly be appreciated by either sex, while another idea is a gold cigarette-case and lighter. Equally welcome would be the travelling set of enamel and silver brushes on the right. They are packed in a silk-lined leather case with a sliding fastener and are available in a variety of colours

DRESSING GOWN WEEK AT WALPOLES' Now Proceeding

Shaw Wildman

THE NEW SMARTNESS

LEFT The new smartness—a country suit in overcheck tweed featuring the "Edwardian" motif that has captured everybody's fancy this autumn. In rust and brown and other colours, 79/6. Fur felt hat, 23/9

RIGHT Jersey cloth cardigan suit that is just right with woollies for country wear, and looks town smart with a blouse for shopping days in London. The pin tucking gives a tailored effect. In new autumn shades, 89/6. Light fur felt hat, 32/9

INCIDENTAL SKETCHES Beautifully hand made nightie in white crepon crêpe de chine with pink floral design. 39/6
Tailored velvet dressing gown lined silk and with satin collar, cuffs and sash. In new colours, 89/6

Walpoles OF BOND STREET
SLOANE STREET AND KENSINGTON HIGH STREET

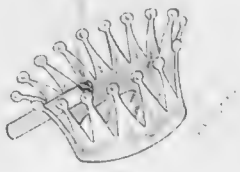
THE BYSTANDER TWINS

discovered by Peta, pictured by Pam,

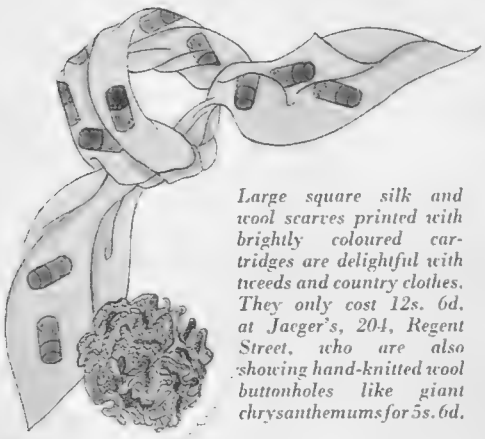
in search of

NOVELTIES

Hitherto rings have been chiefly ornamental, but now they are definitely practical. Two views are given of the new ring watch at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. It is available set with either a double row of marcasite or diamond paste, and may be worn on the second or third finger

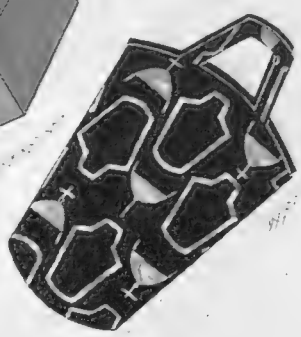


Also from Debenham and Freebody comes the new Coronet ashtray pictured above. A lighted cigarette pressed firmly in between the points cannot roll or fall down, and will automatically go out if left for any length of time. In two sizes, it costs 2s. 6d. and 3s. 9d.



Large square silk and wool scarves printed with brightly coloured cartridges are delightful with tweeds and country clothes. They only cost 12s. 6d. at Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street, who are also showing hand-knitted wool buttonholes like giant chrysanthemums for 5s. 6d.

Sporting jumpers in fine printed cashmere are news at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The one on the left is patterned with hunting scenes, though there are others with golf clubs, yachts, etc. They are severely tailored with squared shoulders and cost 59s. 6d.



Concertinas and cocktail shakers have inspired the two bags above from Debenham and Freebody. The one on the left in polished calf, will hold any amount of things, while the other is expressed in black satin painted with gold lacquer glasses and shakers. It is unusual and smart

When travelling or playing bridge, legs and feet tend to grow cold unless some extra protection is worn. Marshall and Snelgrove have designed this quilted petticoat in crêpe de Chine, lined throughout with jap silk. It only costs 29s. 6d., and is specially cut on straight, slimming lines

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Howard Marshall on Rugger

Selectors At Work Already

ALREADY I have seen the England selectors, good and wise men that they are, solemnly at work. For their attention to duty we may honour them, but let not the pang of envy, if I may be forgiven the extravagance, stir our breasts. Envy a selector? Envy the poor wretch in the condemned cell? Hardly, I think. Reflect upon the difficulties which confront him. Imagine the state of mind induced by three months' contemplation of club and county football.

Consider the effort required to assess the current form of players scattered wide over the country—a full-back in Cheshire, a half-back in Gloucester, a forward in Leicester, a centre in London. The journeys, the arguments, the advice, the rumours, and when the choice is made, the criticism, the inevitable, hasty, ill-informed criticism.

Salute the selectors then, with the knowledge that their troubles are even now beginning. One or other of the self-sacrificing band, I suppose, will haunt grounds where the Portsmouth Services play, in order to keep a discreet eye upon W. Elliot, erstwhile England stand-off half. Elliot, they say, is in fine trim, as good as ever he was, though there were those who criticised him when he was first choice for England. My own view is that we might look far and fare worse, for Elliot is intelligent, though unobtrusive, and a much better player than he sometimes appears to be from the stand.

I OFTEN wonder whether we can really tell a great deal about a player from the usual sideways-on view-point. We can see, it is true, whether a stand-off half is performing his more obvious duties satisfactorily, and when he is brilliantly successful there is no room for doubt. It is when he is cleverly hampered by an alert defence, or when the ball is coming to him that split second too slowly that we cannot really appreciate his difficulties, and are apt to write him down a failure. Now if we had watched the game from behind the goal-posts, we should have seen a great deal more—the development of attack and defence, the foot one way or the other which makes all the difference, the lateral movements which are foreshortened and thrown out of perspective when watched from the touch-line.

I DO not suggest that we should all clamour for seats in the North Stand at Twickenham, though I believe it would be instructive to watch an international match from that northern eyrie. What I do suggest is that we should withhold harsh criticism until we have satisfied ourselves that the player had every chance to do better than in fact he did.

All of which is a general dissertation, and has nothing to do with the potentialities of W. Elliot, who is not the only pebble on the selectors' beach. I hear, for instance, good reports of F. G. Edwards, the Gloucester centre, and I saw enough of J. G. W. Davies of Blackheath the other day to realise that here also is a player of more than ordinary merit. G. W. Parker, late of Cambridge, who now instructs the young idea at Dulwich, is shaping like an England full-back, they say, and E. S. Nicholson is hooking with the magic touch.

THIS hooking business, incidentally, is rather in the air at the moment. The other day I saw a puzzled young forward sent off the field for hooking illegally, and there was no doubt that he had been cautioned and warned, and that his punishment by an experienced referee, himself an international forward, was inevitable. I will take a considerable bet, though, that the offending forward had no intention of cheating, and I doubt very much if he understood the scrummage laws, or had even bothered to read them through. The scrummage laws, in point of fact, are a confusing mess. I cannot believe that there is any need for them to be so complicated. There would be very little need for them at all if forwards shoved, and dispensed with all this specialised scraping for the ball. One thing is certain, No two referees seem to interpret the laws alike, and forwards have to base their hooking tactics on the interpretations of individual referees.

The referee who sent this forward off was strict, and rightly so. The laws are meant to be obeyed when they are comprehensible. It was in a county match, incidentally, and I never saw a more indifferent match between alleged first-class teams in my life.

Most of this mid-week county football is very poor stuff, but I hope that never again this season shall I see such ragged, spineless scrummaging as that produced by an East Midlands pack which contained three international forwards and more than one potential international.

They packed, as usual, 3-4-1, these Midlanders, and leant in various ungainly attitudes against their opponents, barely shoving an ounce, and wasting even that ounce through want of proper packing and concerted shoving. But perhaps they just had an off afternoon. Best take the charitable view.

IN very direct contrast, Blackheath gave us as fine an exhibition of lively forward work against Newport as we could hope to see from a club side. They reminded us how effective the real, tearaway forward rush can be, even with a dry ball, provided that ball is controlled by forwards who can dribble. They followed up tremendously, and their bursts of short passing in the New Zealand manner were impressive indeed.

It may be that Blackheath struck an inspired day, when all their forwards were right on top of their form, and the ball bounced just right for them. Certainly the luck of the bounce was with them; and it is odd how the ball will sometimes go leaping away from your unhappy opponents, and come bounding with the utmost docility into your hands. Still, there was football sense behind the work of that Blackheath pack, and I have an idea that their performance was no flash in the pan.

There are, in fact, some remarkable packs in London this year. Richmond we know to be as strong and bustling as ever, and the Harlequins and the London Scottish have forwards whose speed on the ball is deadly. One hardened observer told me that he had never seen such devastatingly quick forward play as in the match between these two clubs. They snuffed-out the half-backs completely, and caused many unanalytical spectators to imagine they were watching a dull game.

No game, to my mind, is dull when forwards are in full cry. How old-fashioned that is, to be sure! And how right, my dear Sir, how very, very right!

Harrow Beat Mill Hill, Two Goals and Four Tries to Nothing

Mill Hill School got something of a beating-up from Harrow on their own ground by twenty-two points to nothing. Harrow forwards played their usual spirited game (one is making a dash in the picture) but the Mill Hill defence was vigorous to the last

This England . . .

Near Petworth, Sussex

CONSIDERED RIGHTLY, there is no sadness in the tawny patchwork of our English Autumn. Truly the loves and languors of summer are past, but now is a time of work, of securing all for winter, of eager preparation for the birth of another year. Remember, leaves do not fall of their own accord—'tis a gentle swelling, like a whispered promise of a Spring to come, that pushes them from their hold. So, if an Autumn sadness steals upon you, obey the well-rooted instinct for a "fine October ale." But make it a beer of the olden style—one such as Worthington—to hearten and sustain you; to give you certainty that if Winter comes, Spring is not "far behind."

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Worplesdon — Mixed : By H. H. Harris

Right : the Cradock-Hartopps (last year's winners) had nothing but smiles after their 1st round defeat

Lieut.-Comdr. M. McMaster trying to think out what his partner (Mrs. A. Slazenger) has done with the rest of her swing

Left : reappearance of Charles Hezlet (and stance) was a pleasing sight for everyone (including partner Mrs. John Beck)

Joyce Wethered and Pam Barton stole the limelight from their respective partners (Tom Coke and Francis Francis)

Left : Eustace Storey's footwork at the end of a putt—Mrs. Garon watches the result

Right : Bridget Newell tripping up the fairway

Brig.-Gen. Critchley and Diana Fishwick make an unusual partnership—they smile before and after each other's strokes

"Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes

Autumn Foursomes' End and Worplesdon's Beginning: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

RANELAGH is to continue as a club and as an eighteen-hole golf-course. That is the week's great news, even before describing the last day there and at Roehampton to you. Isn't that splendid?

There is no denying that new names to decorate BYSTANDER cups and carry off prizes at Roehampton have a special interest. Who knows when those names will become famous? Such things have been stepping-stones before now, and no doubt will be again; I have a persistent feeling that there is a lot more to be heard of Miss Thompson who won at Ranelagh, and probably of her partner, Miss Shelagh Gibbs. Miss Munn, runner-up there with Mrs. Burns, has enough shots to take her a long way; and Mrs. Salmon, who won with Mrs. Hyman at Roehampton, is another young player who ought to get her handicap down and her reputation up before long.

AFTER which generalities, let 's get down to brass tacks. In other words, the Ranelagh semi-finals. It was useless to expect that the Welsh pair would go out in 30 again, but neither could one hope to see Mrs. Provan and Miss Dix Perkin holing approaches, and so at first it was a see-saw, with Mrs. Provan's side losing the second, winning the third in spite of giving a stroke (they had two to give), and only one down at the fifth. Then Miss Thompson played a real pin-splitter, and Miss Gibbs holed the putt for a two. They won the next as well, and it was from that point that the opponent's ball began its evil habit of going into the hole, only to come out again. The Welsh girls, too, seemed to have that little bit extra up their sleeves which counts; when Miss Gibbs went into the pond at the eleventh Miss Thompson had a long putt to make up for it, and when they failed to find the green at the fifteenth, Miss Gibbs's chip back-lipped the hole. So they won 5 and 4.

IN the other semi-final, Miss McLintock and Mrs. Arnell seemed to have matters in hand, though Mrs. Burns was playing very steadily and Miss Munn brilliantly, until, with fourteen holes played, they were 3 up. Then, with a stroke to give—they gave three—Mrs. Arnell's side lost the fifteenth, could only halve the sixteenth in 3, and lost the seventeenth to a great 3, Miss Munn holing quite a longish putt round a half-stymie. There were three putts for Mrs. Arnell's side at the eighteenth, a half in 4 at the nineteenth, and then another great 3 for Mrs. Burns' side at the twentieth, she holing right across the green with the most splendid determination.

FRANKLY, the final was a bit disappointing, because at long last both couples played to their handicaps of 17 and 18 instead of far, far below it. There were good shots on both sides: fine chips from Miss Thompson at the second, Miss Gibbs at the fourth, Miss Thompson at the eleventh, and Miss Gibbs at the fourteenth—how a match at Ranelagh does depend on those short pitches! There was Miss Munn's grand recovery at the second, Mrs. Burns' iron five yards from the fifth, her lovely approach putt at the twelfth, and good runs-up from both at the fourteenth and fifteenth. But the Ashdown pair were always struggling with a little the worst of the exchanges, and that the Welsh pair should win by 3 and 2 was only justice.

To have Miss Joyce Wethered to give away the cups and prizes, and at the same time to have an announcement from Mr. Alfred Vaughan, Hon. Sec. of the golf at Ranelagh, about the continuance of the club, were two really good things which sent everybody home in great spirits.

ROEHAMPTON had finished in the morning with a last-hole win of the final for Mrs. Salmon and Mrs. Hyman, of Hendon. It was a splendid match, which might have gone either way, though perhaps Mrs. Salmon's long hitting and Mrs. Hyman's

Ranelagh Winners

Miss Shelagh Gibbs and Miss M. Thompson were handed their cups by Miss Joyce Wethered, who presented the Autumn Foursomes prizes. The winners both belong to Royal Porthcawl, played off a handicap of 17, and beat Mrs. Burns and Miss Munn by 3 and 2 in the final

Right: Miss Diana Fishwick watching the final

The Last Eight at Ranelagh

Standing: Mrs. Provan (Ashridge) and Miss Dix Perkins (West Byfleet) who were beaten by the winners in the semi-finals; Miss Munn and Mrs. Burns (Ashdown Forest), the runners-up; Miss McLintock and Mrs. D. Arnell (Royal Wimbledon), the other semi-finalists. Sitting: the winners, Miss Gibbs and Miss Thompson

Roehampton Winners and Runners-up

Mrs. George Hyman

Mrs. Salmon

Mrs. Hyman and Mrs. Salmon (Hendon) won the Autumn Foursomes at Roehampton by 2 holes in the final, playing from a handicap of 20

The Roehampton runners-up were Mrs. D. M. Cunningham and Mrs. W. E. Drysdale (Barnehurst) who played from a joint handicap of 27

steadiness were just enough better than anything the other pair could produce to justify their win. They were giving two strokes, but Mrs. Drysdale and Mrs. Cunningham did not wait for that: they were quickly one up, and still had that much lead at the turn. Then Mrs. Salmon's side took the next six holes in one over fours, and so were dormy 3. The Barnehurst pair then took the next two holes, Mrs. Drysdale's tee shot at the seventeenth well deserving their win, and it looked as if anything might still happen. However, Mrs. Hyman played a decisively good iron up to the eighteenth and so clinched matters.

Mrs. Miller gave away the prizes as charmingly as ever, and everybody felt immensely grateful to Roehampton—exactly as they did at Ranelagh three hours later.

THEN away to Worplesdon, where the holders, Miss Cradock-Hartopp and her brother, raised all sorts of hopes by getting round in 69 in practice. Alack-a-day! They took speedy leave of the real part of the show, for Miss Hartopp was not holing those enchanted putts as she did last year, and Miss Mervyn Barton was playing really well and Mr. Kenneth Scott making an excellent partner full of good shots, especially with irons up to the pin. They seemed a highly promising pair, but Mrs. Carbutt and Mr. Alan Cave were too good for them by one hole next morning.

No major surprises shook the enlarged club-house to the core on the first day, except the defeat of Miss Enid Wilson, who, with Mr. Noel Layton, was looked upon as bound to go far. She may have been naughty early in the round: I only saw the end, when it was Mr. Layton who plumbed the bushes at the seventeenth; but anyway, Miss Pauline Doran and Mr. Zair played real stout-hearted golf against them, and took their chances with a will. The general impression was that the golf was not quite up to standard that first day, with a possible exception made in favour of Miss Mary Peech and Mr. G. C. Stokoe, who were two under fours when they had beaten Miss Corlett and Mr. Finlay 4 and 3, and Miss Bridget Newell and Mr. Pennink, who were level fours for theirs.

ON the second day things began to happen. Mrs. Rhodes, Northern and Yorkshire champion, and holder of the BYSTANDER Yearly Cup, with Mr. A. T. Kyle (no relation of the famous family), startled us early by taking ten holes in 36 (that is not a misprint for nine holes!), though at the time Miss Pam Barton was providing too much excitement for eyes to be anywhere except on her match.

It was a sporting effort to be on the first tee within twenty-four hours of stepping off the Queen Mary; still better to play golf

(Concluded on page 136)

Temporarily Spectators

Watching a match on the second day at Roehampton—Miss J. A. Bullock (West Hill), Mrs. Arnot (St. George's Hill), Mrs. N. Charlton and Mrs. Bethell (Woodcote Park)

Miss Betty and Miss Joan Easton (Worplesdon) are with two Roehampton semi-finalists, Mrs. Sanderson (R. Ashdown Forest) and Mrs. Kenneth Morrice (Wentworth)

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"Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes *(Continued)*

Mrs. Llewellyn and Mrs. O'Neill Butler, Mrs. Wright Warren and Mrs. M. Paton were four Wentworth players who met in the third round; the latter couple won, but were knocked out in the fourth round

which, if not her steadiest, had still a great many specimens of the best in every department and was good enough to take her and Mr. Francis Francis through, although he was not finding the greens with his seconds. Mrs. Slazenger and Mr. McMaster put up a wonderful fight against them, actually turning one up, but Mr. Francis' glorious wooden shot home at the twelfth showed his side to be really something a rung above the opposition, and after it they did no real looking back but won at the sixteenth. Miss Wethered, with a fresh partner in the Hon. T. Coke, was no more entirely at her best than Miss Barton, and against them Mrs. Adams and Mr. Booth struggled bravely. But Worplesdon allows of no flukes, no snap divisions. If a couple win it is the reward of merit and nothing else, and Miss Wethered, too, got home in due course.

NOT so Miss Gourlay and Mr. "Jumbo" Aitken, who had been looked upon as a goodly partnership. Their conquerors were Miss Phyllis Moore, who won many BYSTANDER spoons at Stratford-on-Avon before she brought her handicap down to plus 2, with Mr. Roberts, the ex-Welsh champion. It was ding-dong up to the twelfth, but there some horrid depths were plumbed by Aitken, and after that the others, playing with the utmost care and accuracy, were manifestly the upper dogs, and won by 3 and 2.

There simply is not space to tell you all that I should like about it all: we must do better next week. But two shots up to the eighteenth stand out in my mind. Both were played by a man, both with wood, and both finished matches. The first was from Mr. Storey and the second from Mr. Chambers. Miss Regnart crowned the latter's by rolling in the two-yard putt for a 3—a pretty cruel finish to a great match against Miss Pauline Doran and Mr. Zair.

Somebody has just asked me who I think are going to win, speaking truthfully as a friend and not saying some couple because as a presswoman I am expected to say so. In neither capacity have I the slightest idea or anything to say. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss A. Harwood (Chorley Wood) and Miss P. Stanley (West Herts) beat a Windermere couple, Miss N. Q. Ratcliffe Platts and Miss P. Ratcliffe, in the third round; they themselves reached the fifth round

Lady Headfort (Sudbury) and Miss J. Barnes-Gorell (Berkshire) lost to Mrs. H. J. T. Neilson (West Hill) and Mrs. A. H. Read (Worplesdon) in the third round. Mrs. Neilson and Mrs. Read met the winners in the fifth round

Mrs. R. M. Cumberledge and Miss M. Payne (Wentworth) beat Miss Gwen Smith (Windermere) and Mrs. Kenneth Allen (Apsley Guise); they also reached the fifth round and then lost to the runners-up

Miss D. J. Clark (Formby) and Lady Fell (Ulverston) played Mrs. D. M. Perry and Miss E. Caldwell (Surbiton) in the second round and beat them, but were themselves defeated in the next round

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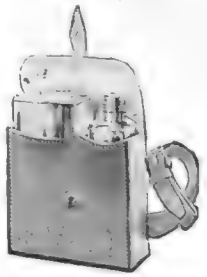

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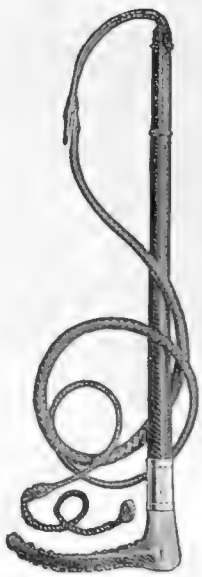

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Two Under Twenty

THIS is the first opportunity I have had of writing anything about the magnificent performance of Miss Pamela Barton in winning the American Women's Golf Championship. She suddenly decided to enter for this championship, and left at short notice by herself to attempt what no Briton had done since 1913, when Miss Gladys Ravenscroft won, and what Mlle. Simone de la Chaume and Miss Enid Wilson had attempted to do and failed, mainly because they could not get accustomed to the change of conditions in time to play their normal games. Miss Barton had the great advantage of having played in the United States of America before; in 1934 she visited that country as a member of our Curtis Cup team.

One of my learned colleagues appears to have been very surprised at Miss Barton's win in the Ladies' Championship on the links of the Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club this year, no doubt because she had, just before this championship, lost both her single and foursome in the Curtis Cup matches, when she only required to halve one of them to give us victory, and because on her arrival at Southport, and in the early rounds of the Championship itself, her golf had been far from impressive. At Southport she got better and better, round by round, due to a considerable extent to strenuous practice, and in the later rounds and the final she was playing really well.

THERE are better lady golfers in the British Isles than Miss Barton, but hardly any of them is such a good match player or fighter; I also think that she enjoys rather more than her fair share of luck; but I must admit that good play, guts and luck nearly always go together. We all know what a large part luck plays in the game of golf. However well we play, we have little chance of winning even our usual week-end matches unless we have a shade of luck or, on the other hand, our opponents are unlucky, which comes to very much the same thing. Since the war, Bobby Jones is the best player to play in the Amateur Championship, and also the luckiest winner, and this is a good example of the part luck plays in golf matches.

With the exception of the Curtis Cup matches, Miss Barton has had a very good season. Besides winning the Ladies' and the American Women's Championships, she was in the final of the French Ladies' Championship, and won the Camberley Heath Foursomes with Francis Francis as her partner.

THE Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society dinner was a tremendous success, and great credit is due to Captain John C. Craigie, who was chiefly responsible for the general arrangements, which could not be improved upon. Guests were present from nearly all the clubs on whose courses the Society has played matches, and these include the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, whose members can play on four eighteen-hole courses and, at the other end of the scale, the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Golf Club, whose members have to be satisfied with nine holes, and are well satisfied, as they possess a really wonderful nine holes. I always think that the nine holes at Mildenhall make the best inland course in Great Britain, and also the nearest approach to seaside golf, inland. Among the guests was Rokuro Akahoshi from Japan, who is very interested in the design of golf courses and has come over here to visit the famous courses of Great Britain.

I cannot remember ever having attended a dinner at which the speeches were better; actually there was not a single bad or dull one, which is certainly, to say the least, unusual at dinners of this nature. The following describes better than I can how good the speeches were. After Sir John Simon's speech in his response for the guests, one young man remarked: "I pity Smiter Smith having to speak after Sir John Simon." When A. W. Smith sat down after his speech, in which he proposed the health of the Society, the same young man said: "Now I feel sorry for Sir John Simon."

J. D. A. LANGLEY, who was runner-up to H. G. Bentley in the English Championship this year, and a member of the Walker Cup team at Pine Valley, was given his golf half-blue before he had played in a match for Cambridge, a most unheard-of occurrence. Nevertheless, I am not at all sure that Lucas, the Cambridge captain, was not right in giving Langley his half-blue, but I feel sure he will be severely criticised for doing so, especially by those who remember that, on one occasion, the Amateur Champion went up to Cambridge and did not receive his half-blue until he had played in the trial matches and several times for the Varsity. There is no shadow of doubt that Langley will be worth his place; on the other hand, before now international players have gone up to Oxford or Cambridge and failed to get blues. And yet several players of various games have failed to get blues and have been selected to play for their countries while still in residence at one or other of the Universities.

The Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes

H. G. Bentley, the British Walker Cup player, made an international team with Mlle. Yvonne Kapferer. They were beaten in the first round 2 and 1 by Mrs. V. G. Davies and C. D. Gray

First Round Winners

Miss Phyllis Wade and M. R. Gardner, whose first victory was over Mrs. W. H. King and Comdr. Mackenzie. Gardner is the Army champion and won the "Bystander" £500 Trophy in 1933 and 1934

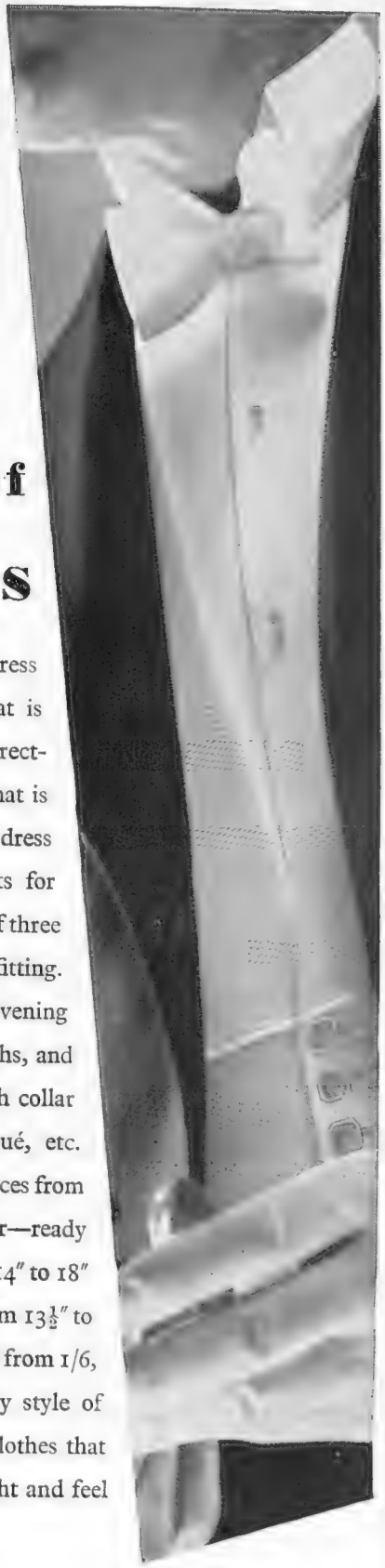
First Round Losers

Miss B. Pockett played with Gerard Fairlie, whose newest book, "Moral Holiday," was published on the first of this month. They were beaten 3 and 2 by Miss E. Pentony and G. L. Adams

I SUPPOSE there are more ingenuous and more excuses made for bad shots at golf than at any other game. One lady in the Autumn Foursomes, promoted by the BYSTANDER, was put off by a pigeon flying close to her; in fact, one account states that her club actually hit the bird, but this is rather more than I can swallow; but I do know that the shot was far from satisfactory, and I must say that in this case the player had a justifiable excuse.

When Bobby Jones was here this year on his way to the Olympic Games, he played a round on a London course, and was fortunate to be able to do so without being followed by a gallery; in actual fact, hardly a soul watched him play. One American, who is one of his greatest admirers, did follow him round, and was asked how Jones had played. In truth, Jones had played far from well, but his admirer would not admit it, and replied, "He played quite well, but some of his high shots got carried away by the wind."

I AM going to play at Worplesdon in the Mixed Foursomes just after writing this article, and have no doubt whatsoever that my partner will refuse to believe me when I tell her my high shots (if any) have been carried away by the wind; nevertheless, I will give this excuse a trial, as it is probably as good and as true as any other.



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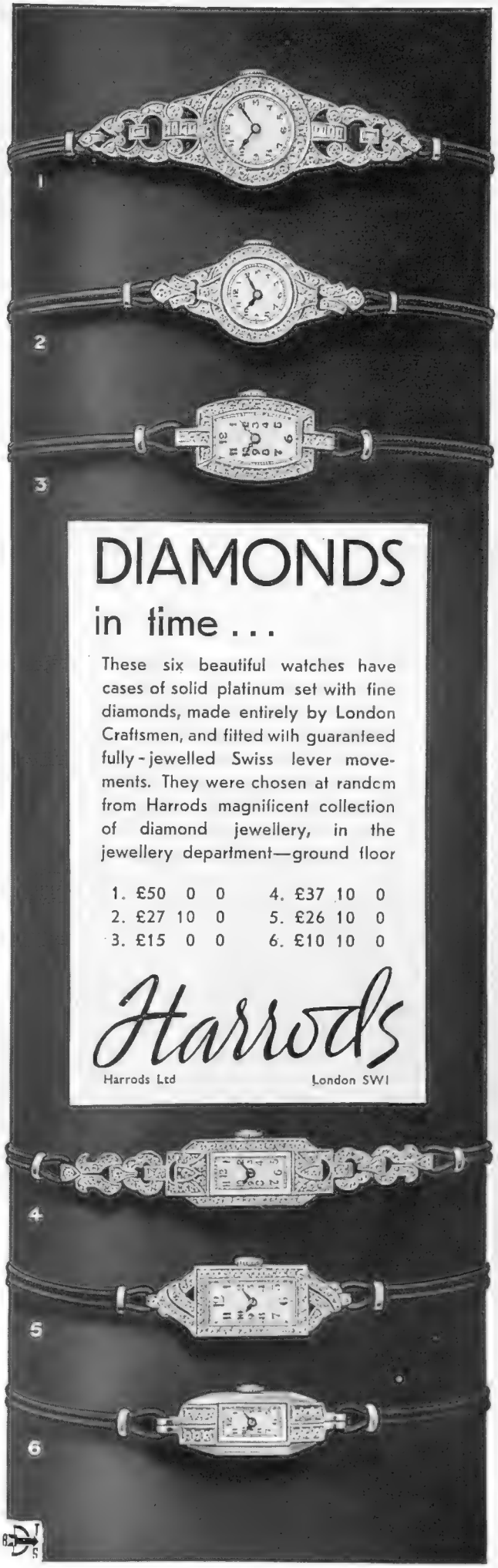

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Three stars at Gatwick — Luli Deste, her Afghan hound, "Rimsky," and a British Airways liner, all starring in "Thunder in the City," an Atlantic Films production. The flying helmet is a latest fashion

An Honour for the Pilots' Guild

By Charles Ward

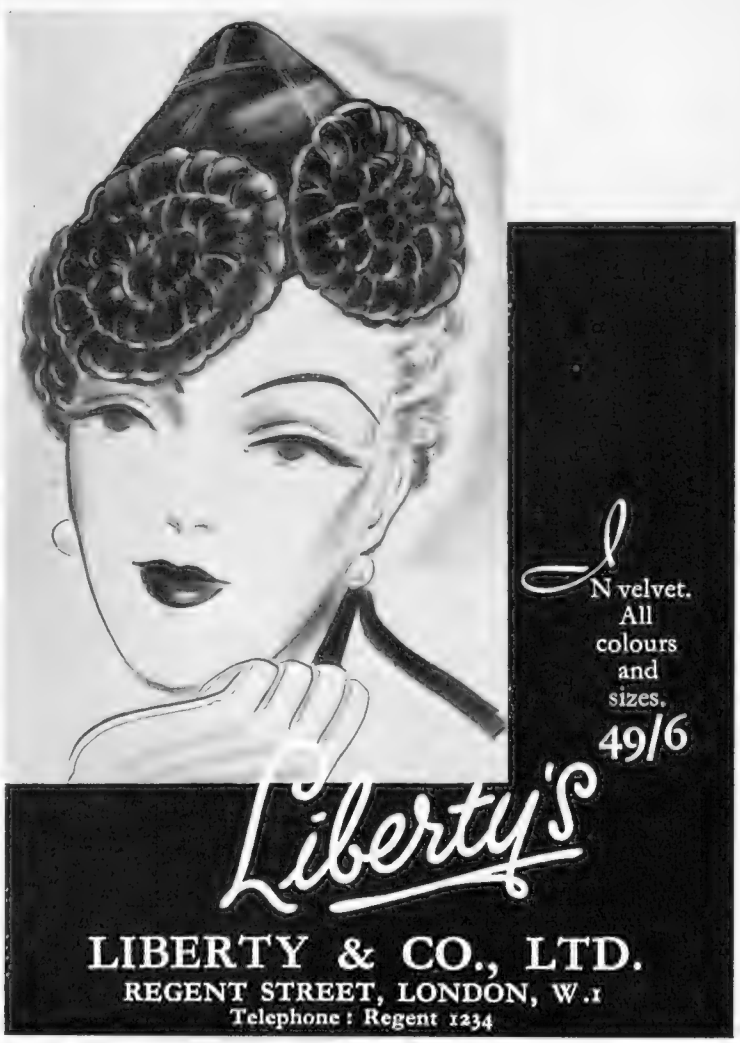
Duke of Kent Grand Master

IT was a very happy surprise to most of those present at the Mansion House last week when the Duke of Kent accepted the invitation of the Guild of Air Pilots to become its first Permanent Grand Master. It seems particularly appropriate that the Guild should receive Royal recognition in this form because the King has taken so much interest in flying and has so often expressed his admiration for the skill and resource of pilots. The seal thus set on the Guild's efforts during the past seven years to create the highest possible standard for pilots and navigators, will proclaim throughout the profession that no one can afford to ignore its membership. It was the late Sir Sefton Brancker and Sq.-Ldr. Johnston, who died in R.101, to whom pilots owe thanks for the firm foundation on which their association has been built. At each annual gathering, their memory is honoured. The Johnston Memorial Trophy, which was not presented last year owing to the death of King George, passed for a few moments to Captain Edgar Percival, last year's winner for his flight to North Africa and back non-stop, after which he handed it to Captain Lamplugh, acting as proxy for Miss Jean Batten. The conversazione after the speeches was enjoyed by all, with the Duke of Kent, the Secretary of State and the Lord Mayor as the principal guests, talking flying to those who know most about it.

On the Air Routes

THE event of the month is the delivery flight of the first Empire flying-boat to Alexandria, where it will go into service across the Mediterranean. Major Brackley, air superintendent to Imperial Airways, will be in command and the pilot is Captain Bailey, the senior flying-boat skipper in the Company's service. Bailey flew boats during the last war and was a pilot for Supermarines until that company's Channel Islands' route was taken over by Imperials. In 1921, he was flying boats around the mangrove swamps in Venezuela, where conditions for landing and taking-off were peculiar, to say the least of them. Floating islands, trees and alligators were the principal obstacles and fresh sandbanks accumulated overnight. I'm sorry Captain Bailey has deprived us of his red beard; there's something rather satisfactory in crossing the ocean with a beard. The return of the franc to its proper place with the dollar and the pound has enabled Air France to reduce fares. London-Paris is only five shillings cheaper, but the saving to Cannes and back is forty-four shillings. New liners on the Company's routes include the forty-seater Farman which will be on view at the Paris Show next month, and the twenty-two-passenger Dewoitine, one of which made a tour through Russia quite recently. The service across the Irish Sea is to be made cheaper for the winter, and next year's plans include the use of larger and faster aircraft. Atlantic air travel will give a tremendous leg-up to flying in the Free State, where very little has been practised so far. Lufthansa has been refused permission to establish permanent bases in Ireland.

(*Concluded on page viii*)



HE, TOO, WILL SEE THE PARIS EXHIBITION

'aris in spring, plus an Exhibition—that's a holiday com-ition I could not resist. I am going over next year, and I looking forward to my visit there from now on. I have received a booklet from a friend, telling me all about it. s called the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts in Modern Life. ould not imagine a more interesting travel experience—ibits from more than forty nations grouped in a vast park! Industrial Pavilions where there will be exhibits of steel, tricity, glass, machinery; the Regional Centre, where every vince of France is represented by its own particular craft; Colonial Centre, which will take up an entire island in the e . . . to view it will be like taking a trip to Africa or the illes or Indo-China; native huts and dances, native cafés. . . . t I think I shall be most interested in the Palace of Discovery, re the latest achievements in Science will be shown.

And that's only the Exhibition! There is all Paris to see as well: the museums, the churches, the historic buildings and famous restaurants, the races. . . . I have always wanted to visit Paris, and during the Exhibition (May to November) the fares will be so reduced that one may never again travel there for so little. If I get time, I shall take other trips in France as well, to see the fashionable resorts, the cathedral towns, the chateau country. . . .

Why don't you plan to take the same splendid holiday? Ask your nearest travel, steamship or railroad agency for a descriptive booklet, or enjoy the thrill of receiving it direct from Paris by writing for it to:

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An Honour for the Pilots' Guild

(*Continued from page* vi)

Facts and Figures

THE man in the street and the woman in the armchair listening to the news by wireless can have no conception of the effort required to fly alone across the world. Jean Batten slept for no more than seven hours during the five days occupied during her flight to Australia. She averaged more than 70 miles an hour the whole way, including stops for re-fuelling and those seven precious hours of sleep. Twice she flew nearly 1500 miles without a stop. She is, without doubt, the most remarkable young lady to take the air. Her 'plane, a Percival Gull, has a still-air range of 2500 miles, a 200-horse-power Gipsy Six engine, and can cruise easily at 150 miles an hour. Edgar Percival, who designs, builds and tests the Gull series, has every reason to be proud of his birds. During the past year they have flown the South Atlantic, the North Atlantic, broken the record to Australia, to Cape Town and back, and won the Schlesinger Trophy. Every Gull has good lines, and judged on performance at Farnborough, the report says that it is one of the cleanest light aeroplanes tested at the R.A.E., in spite of its fixed under-carriage. The higher the fewer is the stratosphere pilot's slogan. At the end of this month, the R.A.F. will again attack the altitude record. Same machine but different airscrew and another pilot to gain experience at height. It is expected that 60,000 feet will be logged.

A Swiss air liner of the Douglas type, as used on the service between London and Switzerland. The journey takes three hours and is proving so popular that additional 'planes are being put into service

Now That Autumn's Here

THE new term at Hamble has entailed many changes. There are seventeen students for the long commercial course of three years—from the Dominions, France, Holland, and Yugoslavia. Still another type has been added to the fleet: a Tiger Moth for aerobatics. The position about the Pou du Ciel or "Flea" gets more and more obscure. The French Government, which carried out far more exhaustive trials than those at Farnboro' with the Air League's sample, still refuses to allow them to fly with a certificate. Tests indicate that there is a very narrow margin between success and failure, yet Stephen Appleby continues to fly around Heston and his recent test of Mignet's cabin Flea confirms that this is a good aeroplane. What we need is something that is cheap and beyond all question, safe. The Flea and the Autogiro are poles apart, yet from one or the other will emerge the true autocar of the air.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition: Monthly Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the Scratch Score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to reach the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER handicap spoons during the year, irrespective of which division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

September Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Below S.S.
Mrs. F. George	Gorleston-on-Sea	76	11	65	74	9
Miss Joan Pemberton	Bramall Park	73	8	65	73	8
Mrs. G. H. Brooks	Malden	84	17	67	75	8
Miss M. R. Greaves	Grantown-on-Spey	84	16	68	75	7
Miss M. Clarke	Buxton and High Peak	82	16	66	73	7
Mrs. F. M. Pilkington	Ashford Manor	75	5	70	76	6
Miss D. M. Cooke	Grimsby	78	9	69	75	6
Mrs. Charles Vachell	Harbourne	82	13	69	75	6
Mrs. K. M. Moore	Reddish Vale	85	17	68	74	6
Miss E. Staffurth	Bowdon	80	10	70	75	5
Mrs. T. T. Anderson	Irvine	86	14	72	77	5
Miss M. Merriman	Congleton	77	14	63	68	5
Mrs. P. B. Sherwood	Wilpshire	79	8	71	75	4
Miss P. Campbell	West Kilbride	85	12	73	77	4
Mrs. E. Squire	Sudbury	83	13	70	74	4
Mrs. P. Longdon	Bramall Park	83	14	69	73	4
Mrs. Mathews	Ashford Manor	88	16	72	76	4
Mrs. E. de Moss	Ashridge	88	16	72	76	4
Miss M. Hendrie	Northampton	87	16	71	75	4
Miss A. M. Holbrook	Malden	87	16	71	75	4
Miss Diana Fishwick	Stoke Poges	73	Scr.	73	76	3
Mrs. Swannell	Northampton	79	7	72	75	3
Mrs. K. M. Hill	Reddish Vale	81	10	71	74	3
Mrs. Burgess	Carlisle City	83	13	70	73	3
Mrs. Reynolds	Northamptonshire C'y.	92	17	75	78	3
Mrs. Semmence	North Hants	87	17	70	73	3
Mrs. H. L. Waine	Cheadle	82	17	65	68	3
Mrs. Harrison	Withington	89	18	71	74	3
Mrs. E. Lane	Worsley	89	18	71	74	3
Miss M. J. Couper	Gullane	73	+2	75	77	2

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Below S.S.
Miss Sturla	West Lancs	96	36	60	73	13
Miss M. Saunders	Chevin	92	31	61	73	12
Miss M. Broughton	Gullane	92	26	66	77	11
Mrs. Olive Taylor	Ringway	94	32	62	73	11
Miss W. L. Hill	Ealing	99	34	65	75	10
Mrs. Geo. Jones	Cardiff	95	32	63	72	9
Miss D. Woodhead	West Bowling	97	35	62	71	9
Miss J. B. Jones	Wirral	88	36	58	67	9
Miss D. Boore	Leighton Buzzard	89	25	64	72	8
Mrs. M. J. Cooke	Worthing	94	30	64	72	8
Mrs. M. J. Smith	Bramall Park	97	32	65	73	8
Mrs. Welton	Norwood	94	36	58	66	8
Mrs. D. Johnston	Gullane	87	19	68	75	7
Mrs. A. S. Thomas	Sale	100	34	66	73	7
Mrs. Potter	North Oxford	99	35	64	71	7
Mrs. F. Shaw	West Bradford	99	35	64	71	7
Mrs. A. Batty	Lytham and St. Annes	88	19	69	75	6
Mrs. Stephenson	Birkdale	95	25	70	76	6
Miss D. K. M. Brown	Gerrard's Cross	95	28	67	73	6
Mrs. W. E. Evans	Reddish Vale	97	29	68	74	6
Mrs. Robsan	Wanstead	100	31	69	75	6
Miss D. E. Williams	Llangollen	100	34	66	72	6
Miss D. M. Thomas	Hull	107	35	72	78	6
Mrs. H. A. Brown	Moseley	104	36	68	74	6
Miss Revill	Nuneaton	100	36	64	70	6
Miss K. H. Wallace Williamson	Gullane	99	36	63	69	6
Miss M. Ainsworth	Wilpshire	90	20	70	75	5
Miss E. C. F. Macdonald	Aberdeen	85	20	65	70	5
Mrs. W. Sinclair	Withington	95	26	69	74	5
Mrs. H. Goodyear	Wetherby	102	32	70	75	5

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Ingham, Bowdon

Rita Aitken Kerr

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sinclair Kerr, of Oaklyn, Bowdon, Cheshire; she is engaged to Geoffrey Samuel Vincent Petter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Petter, of Clifton, Bristol

Kay Vaughan

Joyce Glyn-Watkins

Announces her engagement to Geoffrey St. Barbe Connor, of 67, Cheyne Court, Chelsea, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Connor, of Perth; she is the elder daughter of the late A. Glyn-Watkins, of Cheltenham, and Mrs. Watkins, of 9, Parkhill Road, N.W.

Lenare

Elinor Ruth Fitzherbert

Is the third daughter of Canon and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert, of Seales Rectory, Burton-on-Trent; she has announced her engagement to Raymond German, youngest son of Colonel and Mrs. George German, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch

Bassano

Yvonne Anson

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Anson, of Itchel Manor, Crondall, Hants., and is engaged to Donald Charles Goschen, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Goschen, of Swanthorpe House, Crondall

Lenare

Mary Joyce Busby

Is the only daughter of the late Charles Busby and Mrs. Busby, of 10, St. Simon's Avenue, S.W.15; she is engaged to Thomas Lawther, younger son of Mr. T. D. Lawther, of Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.1

Bassano

Annette de la Voye

Audrey Annette de la Voye, daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Alexander de la Voye, of Steep, Hants., is engaged to Richard Barclay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Barclay, of 21, Park Terrace, Glasgow

Bassano

Toot Haward

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tristam Haward, of Grove House, West Derby, Liverpool, and is engaged to Peter Neville Hood, only son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. N. A. and Mrs. Hood, of Cambridge Place, Falmouth, Cornwall

Catherine Bell

Judith Bouch

Is engaged to Philip Magrath, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Magrath, of Pevensey, Sussex; she is the eldest daughter of the late H. E. Bouch and Mrs. Bouch, of Bankside, Keston, Kent

Robinson — McClean

John Stapylton Robinson, R.A., younger son of the late Colonel Robinson, C.B., and Mrs. Robinson, of Roden Lodge, Hoddesdon, Herts., and Katherine Agnes McClean, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. N. McClean, of 1, Onslow Gardens, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Sheldon — Channer

Laurence Stewart Sheldon, elder son of the late W. S. Sheldon and Mrs. Sheldon, of Brailes, Crawley Ridge, Camberley, and Peggy Channer, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. O. H. Channer, of Brookheath, Fordingbridge, Hants., were married at Fordingbridge Church

Townsend — Kidston

Major Clarence Henry Townsend, O.B.E., M.C., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Townsend, of Long Stanton, Cambs., married Sophia Eleanor Kidston at Holy Trinity, Sloane St. She is the only daughter of the late Major R. C. Kidston and Mrs. Williams, of White Cottage, Drayton St. Leonard, Oxon.

Lowndes — Higham

Lieut. William Ernest Lowndes, R.N., son of Captain and Mrs. E. A. Lowndes, of Houghton, Playden, Rye, and Agatha Audrie Higham, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. G. Higham, of Hazelwood, Sneyd Park, Bristol, were married at Stoke Bishop Church

O'Brien — Wilmer

Brendan Edward O'Brien, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Dermod O'Brien, of Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin, and Kitty Wilmer, only daughter of the late Major H. G. Wilmer and Mrs. Wilmer, of Ailesbury Road, Dublin, were married at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin

Branfoot — Yeates

At Romsey Abbey, Hants., Mr. B. C. M. Branfoot, son of Captain and Mrs. J. J. Branfoot, of Beaulieu, Hants., married Audrey Yeates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Yeates, of The Home Farm House, Romse

Tunbridge

Hayward — Hughes-Gibb

Captain John Lucan Hayward, only son of the late Charles Hayward and Mrs. Hayward, and Elizabeth Hughes-Gibb, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hughes-Gibb, of 206, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1, were married at St. Mary's, Tarrant-Gunville

Chamberlain — Aycock Reeve — Chamberlain

At Chelsea Old Church, Mark Roope Reeve, son of His Honour Judge Roope Reeve, K.C., and Mrs. Reeve, of Eardiston, Worcs., married Christina Chamberlain, who is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chamberlain, of Rockenford Manor, North Devon; and her brother, Paul Chamberlain, married Miss Alva Patricia Aycock, of Jacksonville, Florida, U.S.A.

Low — Falconar

At St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens, Tim Low, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Low, of 26, Pembridge Gardens, W.2, married Audrey Synthia Falconar, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Falconar, of Picton Cottage, Twyford, Berks.

Hamilton Turner — Allen

Dr. Claude Hamilton Turner, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Turner, of 104, Harley Street, W., and Mary Eileen Allen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Allen, of Port Erin, Isle of Man, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Hoblyn — Philipson-Stow

At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, John Peter-Hoblyn, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Peter-Hoblyn, of Bodmin, married Betty Philipson-Stow, elder daughter of Sir Elliot and Lady Philipson-Stow, of Blackdown House, Fernhurst, Sussex

Wright — White

Howard W. Wright, youngest son of Mr. Arthur W. Wright, of Pembridge Gardens, W.2, married Phoebe Mabel White at St. Denys's, Rotherfield. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. White, of Warren Gate, Crowborough

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 21 — October 27

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor in pursuit of psychological data, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play seems a fixture and deserves a second visit to see Harold Warrender as a charming loafer and Lucille Lisle trying to convert him to work: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Fine historical piece of a royalist flavour; Barry Jones as the Martyr King, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the Queen, George Merritt as Cromwell; lovely décor by Motley: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE COMPOSITE MAN.—Ronald Jeans' light touch and witty dialogue turned to a satire which they almost fit; Richard Bird and Diana Churchill lead convincingly: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's comedy revived with a wonderful cast, headed by Edith Evans, Ruth Gordon, Ursula Jeans, Ernest Thesiger, Alec Clunes: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine, dramatic play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is a convincing, impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Madge Titheradge in the name-part is brilliant, set off by skilful acting on the part of Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, and Cecil Parker in Deval's powerful family character play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Sophie Stewart in the lead, Jean Clyde and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY.—A lovely production of this lovely (Turgenev) play, with Gillian Scaife acting subtly, Dennis Arundell and Cecil Trouncer: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—T. S. Eliot's poetic play is one of the most worth-while seeing productions; Robert Speaight as Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Mon.). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Successful transposition of Jane Austen to the stage, still running well with Celia Johnson, Athole Stewart, and Barbara Everest: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you 'll love it: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello (the author) and Dorothy Dickson head a sprightly cast and vast chorus in a story which adequately holds a succession of grandiose scenes together; also Walter Crisham and Zena Dare: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Revival for a limited period of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GOING PLACES.—Vivian Ellis' revue goes slow in places, but American June Knight is a great hit, and Arthur Riscoe is good: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LET'S RAISE THE CURTAIN!—Kurt Robitschek's "variety-comedy-revue-opera" has a big cast and a lavish choice of entertainment types: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with some stirring scenery by Ernst Stern and plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slapstick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 83.—Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes give a "Blues" ballet, there 's a ship figurehead tableau, monologue by Paddy Brown, and—Revudebelles: Windmill, 1.20-11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Last three days of Herbert Farjeon's witty revue headed by Nelson Keys and Hermione Gingold, supported by Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott: Comedy, 8.30. Fri., 2.30.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with great success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRANSATLANTIC RHYTHM.—Felix Ferry's big American revue seems to have settled in, with Lupe Velez, Lou Holtz, and the sprightly Buck and Bubbles: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Gay romping piece which pokes gentle fun at Victoriana; music and scenery delightful, Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson stand out in a strong cast: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on a situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical and topical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Franck and Bridie's cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom deserves its long run; don't miss Sara Allgood or Roger Livesey at the head of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

FORTUNE MY FRIEND.—An out-of-town first night; modern play with a Regency setting, acted by the Norwich Players in their pioneer theatre: Maddermarket, Norwich, Mon., 26th, for a week (Matinée on Sat., 31st).

ALL-IN MARRIAGE.—Cora Goffin, Harcourt Williams, Violet Farebrother have the leads in an election comedy of the Americo-Canadian border: Comedy, Tues., 27th.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrianne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, Tues., 27th.

CINEMAS

CHINA CLIPPER (American).—Pat O'Brien and Beverley Robins in a tale of a Pacific flight; supported by *Murder by an Aristocrat*, with Lyle Talbot and Marguerite Churchill: New Gallery.

DODSWORTH (American).—From Sinclair Lewis's novel, with Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in the lead: Tivoli.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (American).—Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll together for the first time in a Chinese bandit thriller: Carlton.

THE GORGEOUS HUSSY (American).—From Samuel Hopkins Adams' tale about Peggy O'Neale; Joan Crawford plays the name-part: Empire.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's giant biographical spectacle stars William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer, and is lavish to suffocation: Hippodrome, 2.15 and 8.15.

I 'D GIVE MY LIFE (American).—Tom Brown and Frances Drake in a gubernatorial clean-up story: Plaza.

THE KING STEPS OUT (American).—An Austrian setting for Grace Moore's latest; Franchot Tone is the hero; the music is Kreisler's, and the direction von Sternberg's: Regal.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS (British).—Randolph Scott, Henry Wilcoxon, Binnie Barnes and Heather Angel are in the Fenimore Cooper Red Indian classic: London Pavilion.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY (American).—Freddie Bartholomew, Dolores Costello, and Lionel Barrymore in the "English" classic: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MY MAN GODFREY (American).—William Powell, as a Butler, with Carole Lombard and Eugene Pallette in a satire on two ends of society: Leicester Square.

ROMEO AND JULIET (American).—Magnificent production by Thalberg; Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, miscast as the lovers, act splendidly; John Barrymore makes a fine Mercutio: His Majesty's, 2.30 and 8.30.

SINGENDE JUGEND (Austrian).—Heroes of this attractive film are the famous Vienna Choir Boys; here is pleasure for the really musical: Academy.

Premiere

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon, Thurs., 22nd.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

AÏDA (new production).—To-night, 21st, 7.45.

LA BOHÈME.—Thurs., 22nd, 8.

FAUST (with full ballet).—Fri., 23rd, 8.

AÏDA.—Sat., 24th, 7.45.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

FAUST BALLET (see Opera).

LE LAC DES CYGNES (4 acts).—Sat., 24th, 2.30.

THE GODS GO A-BEGGING, APPARITIONS, RENDEZVOUS.—Tues., 27th, 8.30.

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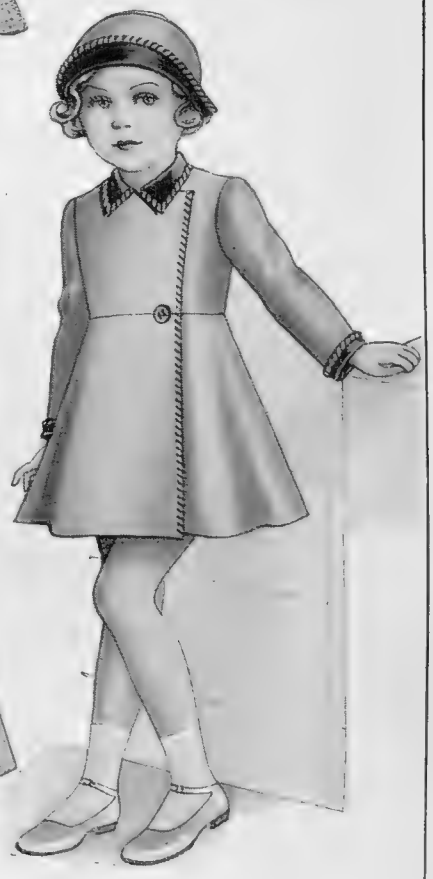

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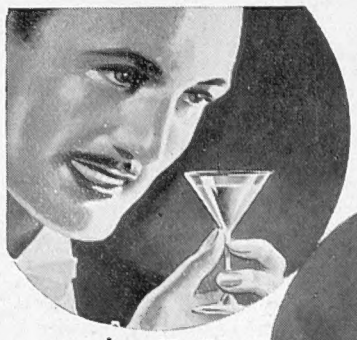

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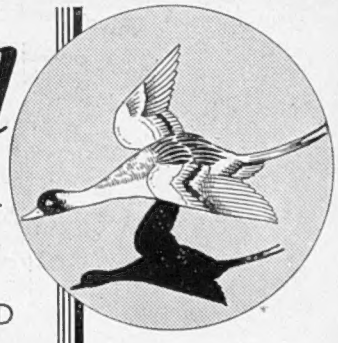

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